



MEMORIES

In London alone there
are seventeen papers
like the "Sketch" and
the "Tatler";

In America there is only
one, and that is

VANITY FAIR

These English publications, as
you know, are wonderfully
interesting. Although they
fairly overflow with pictures
they are not merely picture pa-
pers. Although full of news,
they are not newspapers. It
is along the lines of these
English papers that we have
planned Vanity Fair.

FASHIONS enough are shown to
suit the most fastidious. Everything
new on the stage is pictured and
discussed. Portraits of the notable
men and beautiful women whom
everybody is talking about follow one
another in fascinating succession.

SPORTS have their full share of
space. Horses and dogs find a page
or two in every issue. The Fine
Arts, too, are amply represented—
the lover of books, music, sculpture
and painting will always find some-
thing well worth his while.

VANITY FAIR will save you money
in many ways—the \$5 or \$10 you
waste on seats at a poor play, the
dollar or two spent for a dull novel,
the many dollars spent on clothes that
you buy and never wear.

And Vanity Fair will save you
far more than merely money—
it will save you the embarrass-
ment that you otherwise feel
when talking with people who
are better informed than you
on subjects like Art, the The-
atre, Books, Opera and Sports.
This coupon will bring you
Vanity Fair for six months.

VANITY FAIR
449 Fourth Ave.,
New York

For the \$1 enclosed send me Vanity
Fair for six months, beginning with
the October Number, as offered in LIFE
for September 24th.

Name.....

Address.....



You can buy Vanity Fair from any better-class newsdealer—but, if you have difficulty
getting Vanity Fair, this coupon will insure its punctual delivery. You will receive at
once the October number, now ready, and after it the five great Fall and Winter numbers
that follow. Use the coupon immediately.

HOW IT HAPPENED

Kate
Langley
Bosher's

new novel has
just been published

Bright as
"MARY
CARY"
and just as sweet

HARPER & BROTHERS



A TRAIN ROBBER

IF YOU KNOW YOUR LONDON—THEN

The Sheep Track

By NESTA H. WEBSTER

will interest you more than any novel you have read in years. It is London Society to the life, the most fascinating and difficult of social worlds. Probably you will even recognize some of its characters.

Cloth, net, \$1.40. Published by

E. P. DUTTON & CO. 681 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK

Rhymed Reviews

Rung Ho!

(By Talbot Mundy. Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

MAHOMMED GUNGA, Rajput chief

Of Rangar strain, believed with reason

That English rule would come to grief
In Hindustan through native treason.

Said he, "We Rangars burst with pride;

On points of etiquette we're skittish;
So, on the whole, we ought to side
For weal or woe with these here
British.

"But first we want a leader,—one
For whom we'd storm the gates infernal.

I think I'll try the fledgling son
Of Cunningham, our former
Colonel."

He met the Cub in hot Bombay
And helped him on with zeal un-
sparing.

He trained his arm in sabre-play,
He proved his temper, wit and dar-
ing.

Well satisfied, the youth he led
To Rajputana's free expanses
And had him chosen feudal head
Of fifteen hundred Rangar lances.

The Sepoy Mutiny began;
The native levies rushed to swell it;
And Cunningham, astute young man,
Proceeded gallantly to quell it.

He slew a Prince; a wagon-train
Of gold and gems of purest water
He seized,—and rescued Miss McClean,
The Missionary's plucky daughter.

He captured Howrah's royal town;
And last, with thunder-snorting
horses

And flashing sabres driving down,
He saved the leagured British forces.

Now, if you're fond of big young men
Who speak in curt, affected phrases,
Who toss off miracles and then
Look innocent as English daisies,—

And if you're happily inclined
To read of battle-pennons rippling
And Oriental guile, you'll find
This pleasant, imitation-Kipling.

Arthur Guiterman.



Tonight—your skin can be made more attractive!

Whatever the condition of your skin, you can begin tonight to make it more charming. Like the rest of your body, your skin is continually changing, as the old skin dies new forms. Every day in washing you rub off dead skin. *This is your opportunity.* You can make this new skin fresher, clearer, and more attractive by using the following treatment regularly.

Make this treatment a daily habit

Just before retiring work up a warm water lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to the face and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of an authority on the skin and its needs. Begin tonight to get the benefits of the above treatment for your skin. The first time you use it you will feel the difference—a promise of that lovelier complexion the regular use of Woodbury's always brings.

Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25c a cake. No one hesitates at the price after their first cake. Tear off the illustration of the cake below and put it in your purse as a reminder to get Woodbury's today.

Write today for samples

For 4c we will send a sample cake. For 10c samples of Woodbury's: Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., Dept. 6-1, Cincinnati, Ohio. IN CANADA, address The Andrew Jergens Company, Ltd., Dept. 6-1, Perth, Ont.

Woodbury's Facial Soap

For sale by dealers
everywhere through-
out the United States
and Canada.



Miscalculated

IT is likely that a good many opinions have been credited to the Kaiser which do not belong to him, but certainly if, as has been said, he counted on the trouble in Ulster to keep England out of his war, he made an unaccountable blunder. No one who knows the militant spirit of the Irish brethren would ever count on the attractions of a small disturbance to hold them when a bigger one offered.

Copr. Life Pub. Co.



Lawyer: BUT, IF YOU WERE NOT PRESENT WHEN THE DEFENDANT THREW THE SOUP-PLATE AT HIS WIFE, HOW CAN YOU SWEAR THAT SHE AGGRAVATED HIM INTO DOING IT?

"I'M HER EX-HUSBAND."



The Victim: WHY DIDN'T I OBEY THAT IMPULSE AND SEND IN MY FIVE DOLLARS FOR ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "LIFE"?

Becoming a regular yearly subscriber will entitle you to the double Christmas number, issued December 1st, the price of which is 25 cents. Or, One Dollar will bring you Life for three months. See coupon. You risk the money, but the laugh is on us.

SPECIAL OFFER—THREE MONTHS—ONE DOLLAR

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26). Send LIFE for three months to

Open only to new subscribers; no subscription renewed at this rate.

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York 62

One Year \$5.00. (Canadian \$5.52, Foreign \$6.04)

San Diego Panama Exposition

What Millions Will Say Of California's Great Exposition

CELEBRATING THE OPENING OF THE PANAMA CANAL

During all of 1915 millions will come to San Diego, the first Pacific port of call for ships passing through the Panama Canal. They will come—patriotic Americans—to celebrate with California at her great expositions the opening of the canal which divides the continents but unites the world.

Every man, woman and child will go back home enthusiastic about the hospitality of San Diego, the beautiful Southern California city, resplendent in its setting of fertile valleys on the one side and placid San Diego Bay and Point Loma on the other.

They will tell of the splendid hotels, where the welcome is warm and the rates reasonable; of the mountains, the balmy, orange-blossom-laden air, even when snow and ice cover the country back home; of the wonderful flower-decked bungalows overlooking valley or bay.

And they will tell of the greatest and most beautiful of all expositions. How up on the 600-acre mesa in Balboa Park, overlooking San Diego, they saw a dream city of Sixteenth-Century Spain. For the architecture which evolved Mission and Palace and Cathedral has given birth to the Exposition Beautiful and covered its quaint walls with clambering blooms which touch the very bells in the mission towers, where pigeons nest and coo.

They will marvel that in place of still exhibits of finished products they saw the things they wear and use and eat made before their eyes by throbbing machinery, transplanted from the big factories of the world. The developments of the big inventions of the age will be a part of their education contributed by the Exposition—aerial navigation, wireless telegraphy, motion-picture photography, electricity and those other modern miracles which mark this wonder age in which we live.

You will never forgive yourself if your friends come home from San Diego in 1915 bubbling over with enthusiasm because of what this great exposition has added to their store of pleasure, education and experience. Your usual vacation trip to mountain, stream or seashore will seem insignificant by comparison.

It is none too soon to plan your San Diego trip now. Your nearest railroad agent can tell you of the remarkably low rates which they have made for Exposition year, and of the many scenic wonders en route which you have always wanted to see.

1915 GET YOUR TICKET FOR SAN DIEGO 1915

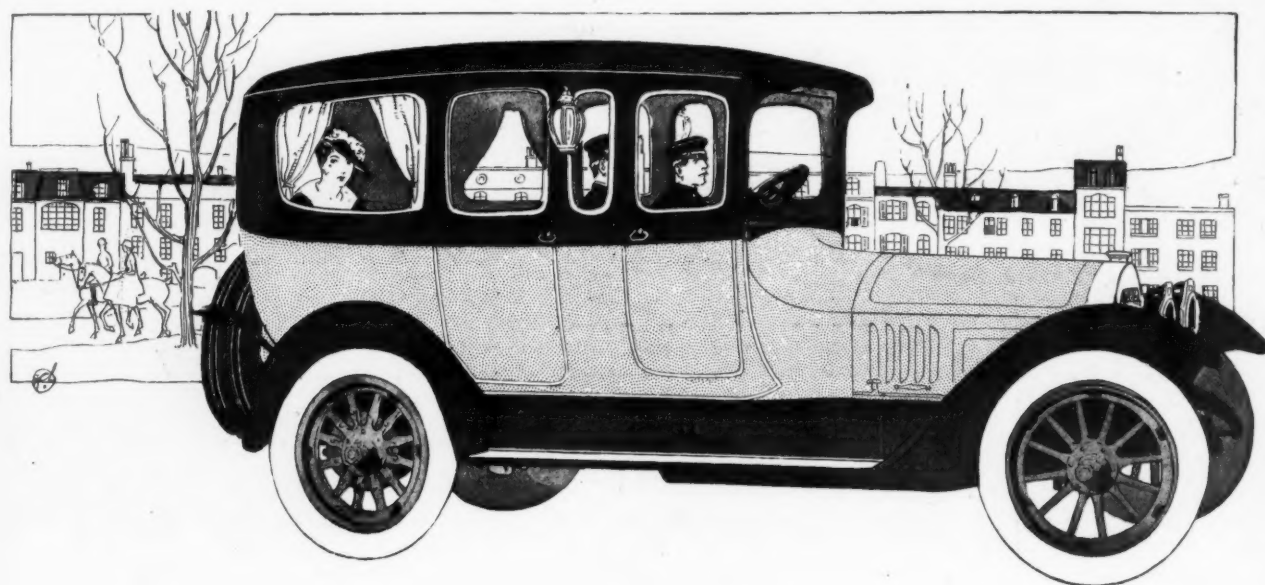
*Un Castillo en España mi fantasía construye
en cada tenue nube que el blando céfiro mueve.*

*"In each soft cloud by breezes blown
Are Castles of Spain not built of stone?"*

THE HOME
ECONOMY BLDG.



THE FORMAL GARDEN AND BOTANICAL BLDG



The UNCOMMON CAR

ANY motor car is a source of pleasure. A few motor cars are a source of pride.

A possession is doubly prized when it is *uncommon*, as well as excellent. The Uncommon Car is more than an excellent car. It is rare, as well as fine.

In America, motor cars, like almost everything else, are produced in large quantities. The Locomobile is an interesting exception. The Locomobile is an *uncommon* car because it is produced in small numbers.

The fixed policy is to concentrate on a few fine cars, not more than Four Cars a Day. Only one motorist in every three hundred owns a Locomobile. The fact that only one thousand Locomobile closed cars have been produced in ten years also illustrates the Locomobile idea of Quality, instead of Quantity.

Limiting our production of fine motor cars enables us to specialize in *details*; enables us to express the requirements of those Families who are accustomed to the note of Individuality in all their selections.

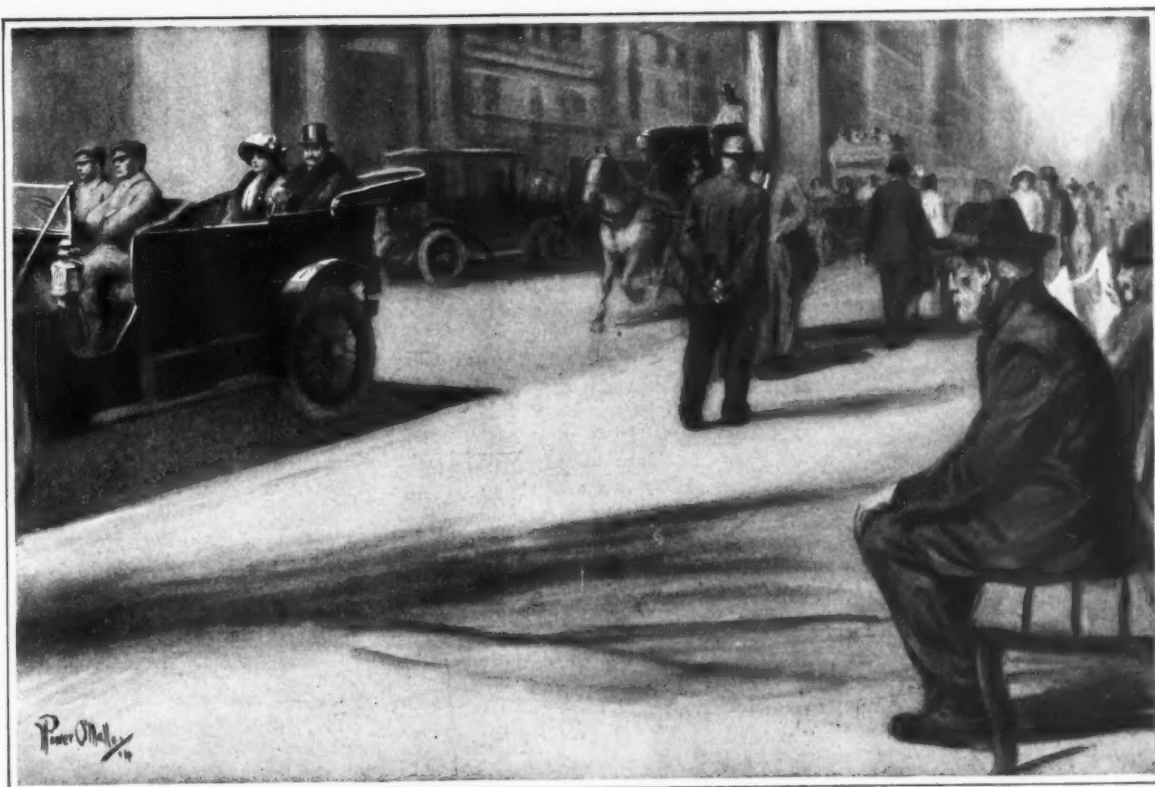
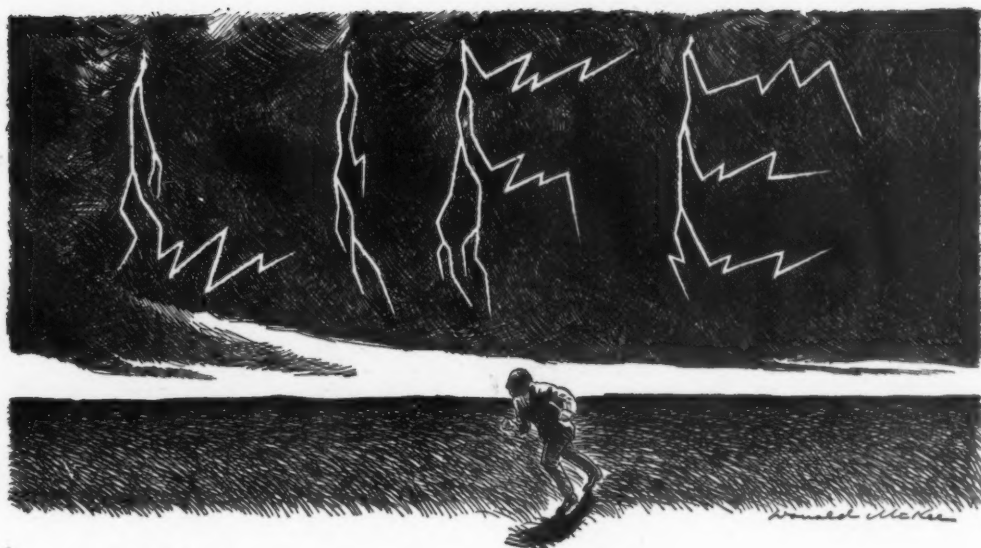
Uncommon Interiors, in wide variety, are designed by Mr. John J. Petit of New York, and finished in French Tapestries, English Broadcloths, French Velvets and Velours, selected and imported exclusively for Locomobile users.

Lighting Fixtures by the Tiffany Studios. Adequate and becoming interior lighting effects.

Silk Curtains, Laces, Braids and Carpets woven specially to match the individually decorated interiors.

Durable and finely finished Coach Work. Designs executed after the manner of the leading Foreign and American stylists.

The
LOCOMOBILE COMPANY
of America
MAKERS OF FINE MOTOR CARS



HIS FORMER OFFICE BOY GOES BY

Life's Fresh Air Fund

Inclusive of 1913, LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation twenty-seven years. In that time it has expended \$145,183.64 and has given a fortnight in the country to 35,751 poor city children.

The Fund is supported entirely by bequests and voluntary contributions, which are acknowledged in this column.

Previously acknowledged	\$6,218.65
Proceeds of a fair held on August 28th by Elizabeth Rhoades, Elizabeth C. and Guion Bull, aged ten, nine and seven years, respectively.	1.25
Marie Lewis Cope.....	10.00
Henry R. Clark.....	1.00
W. R. Harney.....	25.00
Marian Howells Robertson.....	1.50
	\$6,257.40

ACKNOWLEDGED WITH THANKS

A large number of beautiful new toys, games, dolls and jumping-ropes from Mrs. F. E. Lewis, Ridgefield, Conn.

Let Us Be Just

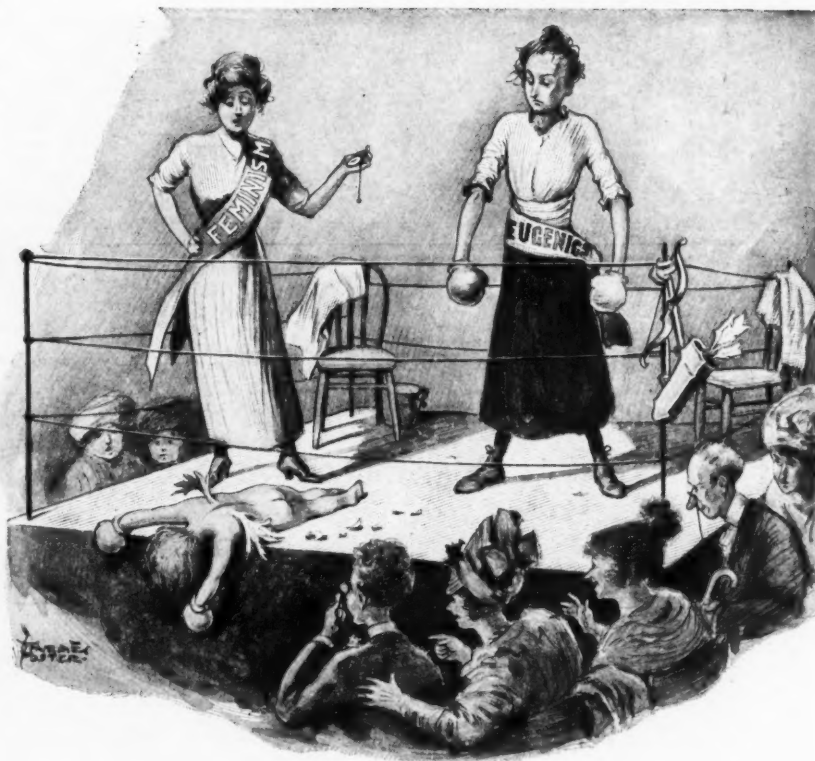
To hell with the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs.

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

NOW, don't be hasty, Marse Henry. There may be decent souls in hell entitled to consideration. The sudden arrival in their midst of the two most devastating families of Europe would be hardly fair.



THE FAMILY SKELETON WAS SO ANGRY THAT HE BECAME INARTICULATE



DOWN AND OUT

Where Were the Incinerators?

WHAT is the etiquette of war nowadays in the matter of interments? If Belgium sends to Germany after the war a long undertaker's bill for burying Germans, will The Hague say that Germany must pay it? One reads at this writing of Belgian peasants, elderly men, neglecting the harvest for the more urgent duty of putting under ground the heaps of German youth whose bodies have littered the fields about Liège and Haelen. It is pretty grim reading. Where are those German portable incinerators of which the newspapers told that are to follow the German armies?

A Real Prophet

WILLIE STIMSON: Look here, mother, haven't I been telling you for the past two years that it was no use learning all that European geography?

Our How-I-Live Department

(Note by the editor: This celebrated department having been discontinued by so many of our esteemed contemporaries for reasons of their own, we feel it our duty to keep it going.)

TO the Editor: So many people have asked me how I manage to feed and clothe my little family of four children and only one wife on eighteen thousand dollars a year that I hasten to comply. I couldn't do it, of course, if it weren't for my wife, who watches the bargain sales. Our expenses are about as follows, marvelous as it may seem, per week:

Food	\$250.00
Clothes	100.00
Car-fare and recreation.....	.10

By keeping this up week after week we are able to run into debt at the rate of two hundred dollars a year. Next year we hope to increase this a couple of thousand more.

Gratefully yours,
MR. AND MRS. PROTEIN.



"SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME"

Letters of a Japanese School-boy

Oblivion

To Editor "Life Pamphlet" who cannot be serious, even when he jokes

DEAR SIR:—

My Cousin Nogi were reading historical labor of book yesterday when he abrupt thusly to me,

"Togo," he say so, "this vol. work say, 'When Napoleon finished enjoying Waterloo he nextly went to Oblivion.' Where is Oblivion?"

"Oblivion," I define schoolmasterfully, "are the next station beyond Waterloo."

"Are it pleasant residential locality of place to reside in?" Nogi require; for there are times when that Cousin lives on interrogation points.

"It are on the quiet side of silence," I dement. "It are like a village beyond the Brooklyn trolley. Telephone wires never gets central from there; crimes can be enjoyed in broad daylight without fear of God or Hearst."

"Are there some timetable or other rapid transit what take folks there?" Nogi require, intending to look intellectual.

"It are most important terminus of N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R.," I manage sarcastly.

"With such connections there is no wonder folks prefers to remain there when they arrive," Nogi nudge. "Yet



"The air would be full of wireless cablegrams"

great and noble personalities would prefer to reside in midst of noise and turmoil near Wall St, fire alarms and equal calamities. Merely small and shrunk-brained people could stay in such suburbs."

"Quite contrary!" I rake off. "Oblivion are nearly almost entirely inhabited by famous men. When you observe famous men wearing X attached to him, you will know he wearing trade mark of that town."

"X?" require Nogi.

"Of surely yes!" I snagger. "X-President, X-Congressman, X-Champion, X-Manager, X-Scientist—all these wear oblivion-mark on their elbows."

"I should think Oblivion would feel very much famous with so much famous name!" This from Nogi.

"Oblivion are deliciously inhabited by celebrities," I say so. "But trouble with it are thus: When they gets to Oblivion everybody's name sound like John Smith. The air is full of gags in such a place. It are impossible there to talk advertisements about your self because megaphones there grows wrong way to and folks shouting into them are app to blow off their own heads."

"How shock!" holla Nogi with sadness of eyebrows. "What religion of politics have this Oblivion got to run it by?"

"Sometimes one, sometimes something else," I personify. "Since 1912 it have been Republican and expect to enjoy that honest form of management for some time yet. But perhapsly it may get some tigerish qualities as soonly as Hon. Chas F. Murphy move Good Ground to that locality. Think how dominated Oblivion must feel with such brainy intellectualities as Hon. Jo-Uncle Cannon, Hon. Jo-Uncle Foraker, Hon. Charles-Uncle Fairbanks and other equally great etceteras buying pretty country homes there and intending to stay and grow up with the real estate. Hon. Doc Cook, who are now one of the most uncelebrated lecturers of that Hon. Town, have recently dishcovered something—"



"Cousin Nogi were reading his historical labor of book"

"What he dishcover?" require Nogi with great suspension.

"He find that Oblivion would be less steam rolled and suppressed down by X-Tyrants if honest Non-Partizen Citizen Ticket could be arranged up to include several miscellaneous minds there. Following are ticket which Hon. Cook have dishcovered:

NON-PARTIZEN TICKET, OBLIVION,
STATE OF COMA
For Mayor
Hon. Alton B. Parker
For Aldermen
Hon. Fredk Cook
Hon. Jas Jefferies
The King of Albania
Hon. Osc Hammerstein
Hon. Harry Lehr
Mrs. Pankhurst's Husband
For Street Cleaning Dept
Hon. Harry Thaw
Superintendent of Waterworks
Hon. Chas. S. Mellen

"And so onwards," I negotiate. "It are always considerable easy for find plenty persons to run that town. There are more genius in Oblivion than in Indiana."

"Do persons ever arrive back from Oblivion?" Nogi ask it.

"Considerable seldom," I corrode. "And yet you meet one every once in now & then. Sometimes they commute to Washington long enough to buy cigars or run for President or some other shopping. Sometimes they can be found in court rooms giving humorous testimony about railroads they have wrecked. On such occasions they



POOR DEVIL!

are abused by N. Y. *Sun* and everything possible done to make them feel comfortable and at home. Yet they seldomly stay long in Great City, because they get that commutation feeling that they better be back in Oblivion comfortably setting out poppies in flower bed."

"It must be saddish place to live," Nogi sub, looking like Romeo.

"Less so," I eliminate. "Oblivion are like other forms of drunkenness. When you are there you never know it."

Nogi look to me very longfully with shyness in his forehead before his speech.

"Togo," he say it after time, "do you think something shocking?"

"What could it?" I seeth.

"Will Hon. Roosevelt ever arrive to Oblivion?" he whasper.

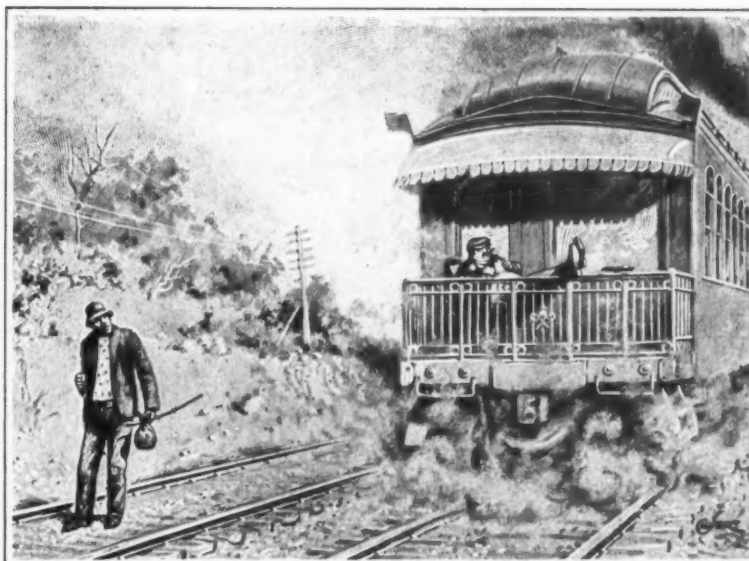
"Not worry!" say me. "If he got there that town would become electric lighted and the air full of wireless cablegrams."

Hoping you are the same

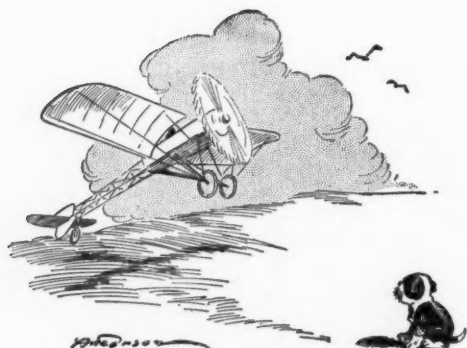
Yours truly

HASHIMURA TOGO.

(Per Wallace Irwin.)



The Down-and-Out: AN' TO THINK! THAT'S MY MOTHER'S WASH-WOMAN'S SON!



Pup: I THOUGHT I KNEW ALL THE SONG-BIRDS, BUT THAT'S A NEW ONE ON ME

If Things Were Reversed

AT a citizens' meeting, held last evening, practically all citizens being present, it was unanimously agreed that no more money would be deposited in any bank until each bank had served notice upon the depositors formally in writing that they wanted their money, after which a period of six weeks would elapse before the deposit would be made.

Several prominent bankers who were present immediately went into hysterics. One of them said:

"What right have our depositors to make rules against us? Nobody heretofore had ever dared to question the divine wisdom of any banker. How can we do business without other people's money? This is an outrage!"

The chairman, who represented the depositors, considering the provocation, maintained his dignity admirably, in accordance with the respect due him as a member of one of the oldest combinations in the world—namely, the People.

"Our rules," he said, gently but firmly, "are made for the best interests of all, and from motives of the highest patriotism. There will be no unjust discrimination among banks. They will all be treated alike."

It is stated at police headquarters that if, as is hinted, there should be a mass meeting of bankers, they will be promptly dispersed.

"Bankers," said the Mayor, not unkindly, however, "will not be permitted to disturb the peace."

Results

THE war being over, the sociological experts, not to mention accountants, psychologists, philosophers and other mental infusoria, got together to make an estimate of the total results, which they discovered were about as follows:

A crop of heroes, living and dead.
Numerous supreme posts of importance filled by inferior men.

National debts doubled or trebled all around, the actual stock of gold remaining the same.

A million or more hitherto peaceable farmers and tradespeople who have learned how to "see red".

A new literature built on lust and blood.

Ruins.

National orphanships.

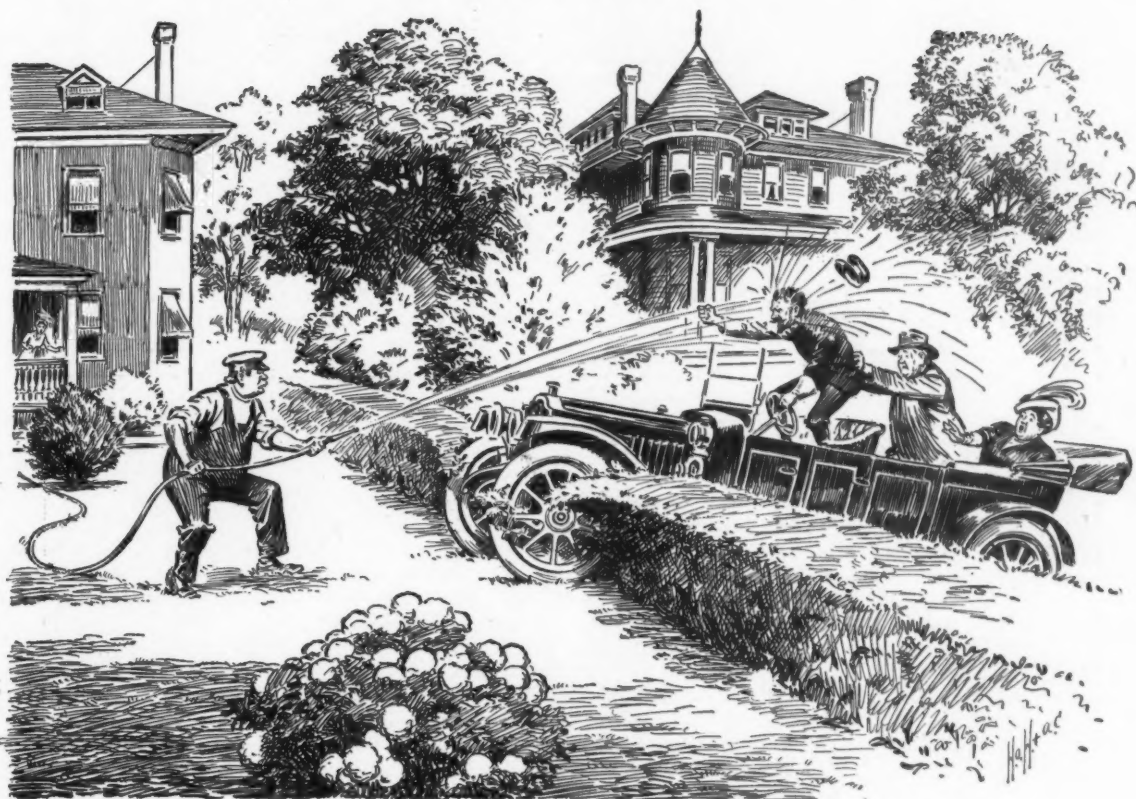
Peace-Remorse partners—until the next war.



St. Peter: VERY SORRY, SIR. I CAN'T ADMIT YOU

Philanthropist: WHY NOT? YOU'VE JUST ADMITTED A NOTORIOUS BURGLAR

"YES; BUT HE NEVER PRETENDED TO BE ANYTHING ELSE"



WAR TIME DON'TS

IF YOUR NEIGHBORS KEEP A GERMAN GARDENER, DON'T ENGAGE A FRENCH CHAUFFEUR

A Medical Gun-man

A NEWS item in the daily press announces that medical inspectors representing the New York State Health Department will hereafter carry revolvers to enforce their authority. This is a pleasant indication of the growing influence of the peace movement. It is also a good sign that the common people are resisting the espionage and control of the medical authorities.

It has always been characteristic of despotism that it employs force to maintain its asserted power. A modern medical inquisition would be about as agreeable to-day, to the average citizen, as it was to the religious dissenters in the days when the thumb-screw and the rack were found to be persuasive forms of argument.

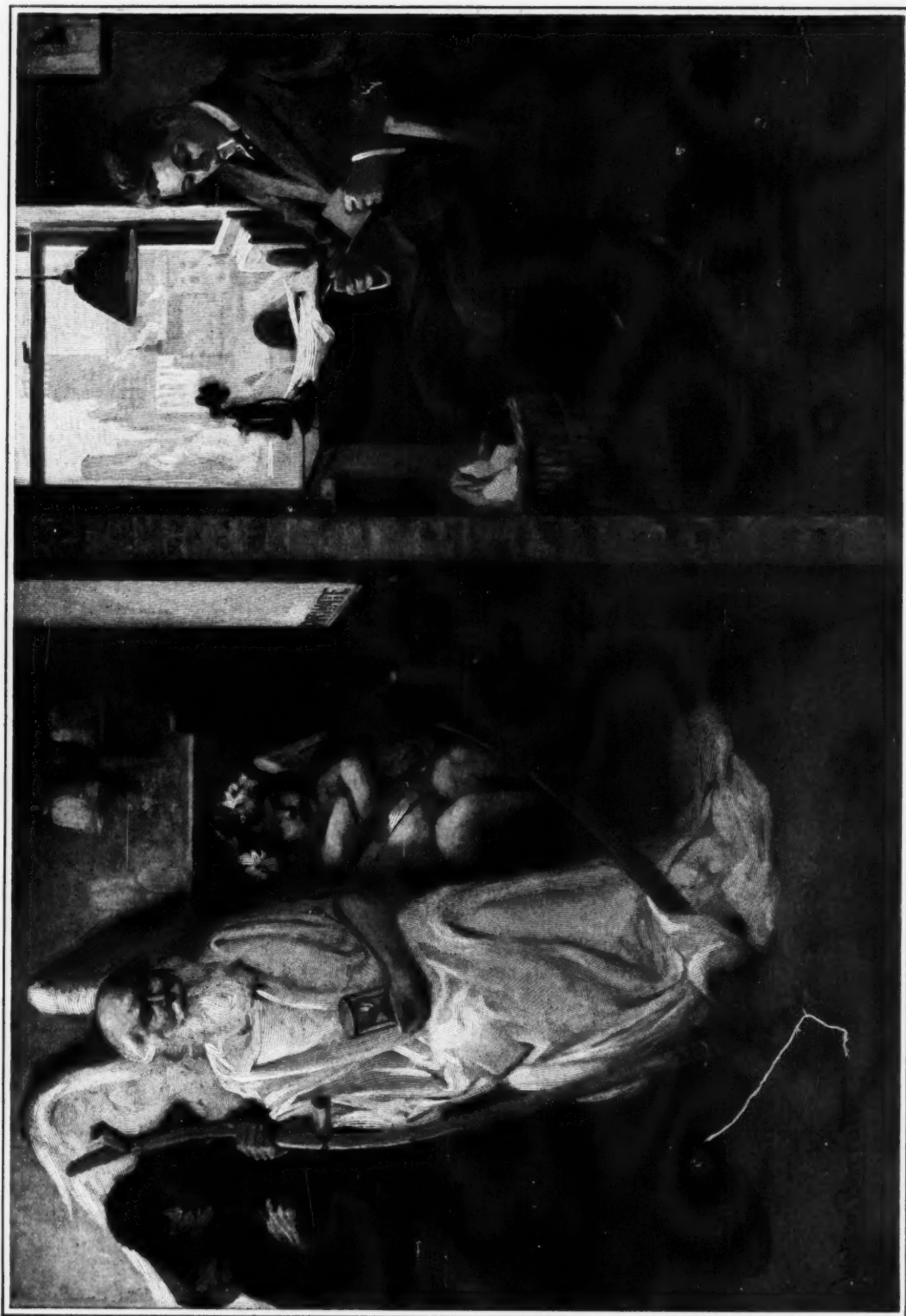
If the "regulars" cannot convince the citizen that it would be healthy for him to submit quietly and peaceably to their regulation, they are evidently prepared to "shoot up the town". And there are those who would rather take a chance with the doctor's gun than with his vaccine virus or anti-typhoid serum.

W. S. M.



THE MILK OF HUMAN KINDNESS

WHERE will the Kaiser retire to?
Is there another hill to rent at Oyster Bay?



CLIENTS



The Lady: OH! IS THAT THE BREAD-LINE? COULDN'T WE SLOW UP A LITTLE? I THINK SOCIOLOGY IS JUST TOO ADORABLE FOR ANYTHING

Brutalities

THERE is assertion and denial of German brutalities. The story of the ill-treatment of the Huntingtons was not sustained by later advices. What appears to be true is that on August 4th, when the news of England's declaration came, the Germans pretty generally went off the handle, and disorders and harsh treatment ensued whereof there is a record in J. J. Chapman's letter to the *London Times*. After that there seems to have been a return to deportment.

There are many stories of kindness shown to Americans in Germany, and some of kindnesses done to non-combatants by German soldiers. In a great war there will be all kinds of participants and all kinds of behavior, and also innumerable tales that are not true.

NEW YORK has passed an anti-noise law. We hope it will be carefully read by American ladies who attend dinner-parties.

Cause and Effect

TO sum up the arguments thus far, intemperance keeps the poor poor and poverty keeps the intemperate intemperate. From that it is no trouble to deduce that the poor are intemperate because they are poor because they are intemperate because they are poor because they are intemperate, and so to the nth power.



THE DOWN-AND-OUT NUMBER

The Pathos of the Germans

NO doubt in our character as neutrals we ought to be as sorry as we can for everybody involved in the great war, without stopping to be over-nice in apportioning blame; sorry for the Kaiser because he has been caught in his own machinery; sorry for France and England and Germany because, being considerably civilized, they should not be under the terrible cost and inconvenience of battling with one another; sorry for the Serbs, and for Austria because she is such a back number; sorry most of all for the gallant Belgians who have suffered so much, and least perhaps for Russia whom nothing can hurt very deep and whose chances of gain are biggest in proportion to what she risks.

And coming to particulars, we ought especially to be sorry for the Germans. As we see them to-day they are a pathetic people. Germany has set up to be the bully of Europe, and a bully, when one has got over being mad at him, is always pathetic. Bullies are always stupid. At the bottom of their proceedings is inability to understand something very important to be understood. They are people who, seeing no chance to get what they want by favor, are constantly tempted to try to get what they can by force.

That seems to be the case with the Germans. They have enormous merit of a most substantial kind, and it has brought them huge and well-earned gains; but when it comes to getting anything by favor there is nothing coming to them. In his present stage of development, the German is the fat man of Europe whom nobody loves. Individual Germans are beloved, of course, but the typical



"DON'T GET EXCITED, MISTER. THIS AIN'T NO REG'LAR BUSINESS CALL. I JEST WANT ME LADY FRIEND TO PICK OUT AN ENGAGEMENT RING"



"NO HARM IN TRYING"

German not. A writer in the *Outlook*, an American of German parentage, writing in defense of his brethren, explains the universal distaste for Germans in Europe by saying:

The average German, whom the foreigner sees, is aggressive, self-assertive, loud in his manner and talk, inconsiderate, petty, pompous, dictatorial, without humor; in a word, bumptious. He has, in many cases, exceedingly bad table manners and an almost gross enjoyment of his food; and he talks about his ailments and his underwear. His attitude toward women, moreover, is likely to be over-gallant if he knows them a little and not too well, and discourteous or even insolent if he is married to them or does not know them at all. He is at his worst at the time when he is most on exhibition, when he is on his travels or helping other people to travel, as ticket-chopper or customs official.

This German apologist knows that underneath bad manners which the German does not know are bad are some of the greatest and best of human qualities, but casual observers don't like the manners and naturally don't like the man; so Germans, apparently, have been taught that every hand in Europe is against them, and that they must always expect to fight for what they get and thrash all comers. Hence militarism and all the troubles that follow it.

A LITTLE while ago English manners were just as ill thought of, and doubtless with just as good reason, as German manners are now; but English manners seem



"PARADISE LOST"

to have improved. American tourist manners do not edify all foreign observers, but bad manners in our tourists do not have political consequences. Refinement usually comes with prosperity, and has come abundantly to Germans in the United States. German prosperity at home has mostly come within the last thirty years, and probably it would in time have brought manners in its train, and possibly as Germans grew to be more generally acceptable they would have emerged from this terrible idea that they must thrash all the world in order to get their place in the sun.

When prosperity will resume its refining course among the Germans in Germany heaven knows, but is not their situation sincerely pathetic? Not only are the manners of ordinary Germans open to such regretful criticism as above quoted, but the example set to ordinary Germans by their superiors in rank and power seems far from helpful. Professor Newbold, of Philadelphia, who fled through Germany the other day, is quoted in the papers as saying:

The war was caused by a little group of military men who aim at the conquest of the world. They are the most offensive people I have ever met. They are responsible to no one for their actions and they lit the fuse.

But as to the mass of ordinary Germans whom he saw, he says:

I never before saw such despair and misery written on the faces of people as I saw in Germany when war was declared. They felt and looked as though the end of the world had come.

Be sorry for the Germans. They are in for a terrible time. At the bottom they are good and extremely able and valuable people, but they have been tied up to a wrong conception of what rules our modern world. If the war rids them of the domination of "military men who aim at the conquest of the world", there is no reason why they should not grow in favor; but no country that all the others fear can hope to be popular in a modern world.

E. S. Martin.



AND JUST AS HE HOPED TO GET TO THE DENTIST UNOBSERVED

ONE of the New York papers announces that it will be used in a public school as a text-book. The reason for doing this might be explained on the ground that what is lost in making the student learn so many things which are not so, will be offset by the discipline gained in trying to discover the needle of truth in the haystack of headlines.



"OF TWO EVILS ALWAYS CHOOSE THE LESSER"

What God?

THE Kaiser says he and God are working together.

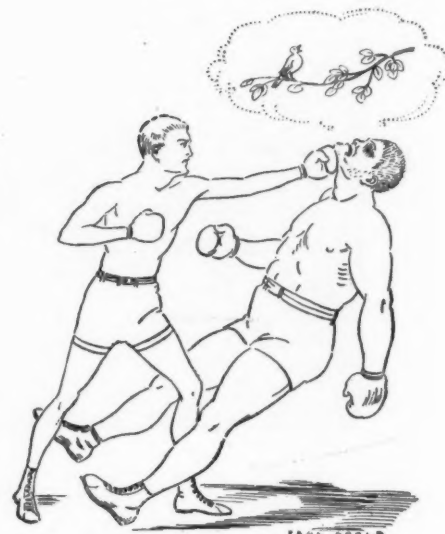
What God can this be?

Not our Christian God, our benevolent Creator, a God of love and hope and mercy.

The god that helps the Kaiser is a god of broken faith, with bloodshot eyes, loose lips and dripping sword.

He and the Kaiser make a strong team—for slaughter.

THE problems of politicians may be grouped under two general heads: How to get money into the public treasury, and how to get it out.



"And art subdues the strong"

—Homer.

A Request

WE have been asked by the International Association of Allied News Purveyors to publish the following:

Owing to the crowded condition of our columns on account of the war, all ordinary news, such as divorces, births, deaths, murders, fires, burglaries, interviews of magnates, announcements of politicians and the like, is requested to hold itself in abeyance until such time as we shall be able to give it proper attention.



"MY HEART BLEEDS FOR LOUVAIN"



SEPTEMBER 24, 1914

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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THE complaint of the German Kaiser to our Mr. Wilson about the thousands of dum-dum

bullets found in the French fort of Longwy affords affecting evidence of the Kaiser's disposition to swallow what is handed to him. This is the Kaiser's first considerable war, and having had probably little practice in separating true news from false, he doubtless believes that all his good Germans have been behaving like gentlemen, and that the Belgians, French and British have done many reprehensible naughtinesses. In this country, where our minds are newspaper-fed, and where to cut a pack of lies and turn up the truth is an exploit done instinctively and repeatedly in the course of the day's reading, we have learned to take all reports of atrocities in war with allowances. Consider our recent war in Colorado, and the incident of the militia and the burning of the miners' camp. The various versions of that story contradict one another just as the versions of the story of Louvain do.

If Mr. Wilson should reply to the Kaiser's remonstrance, "Well, Kaiser, everybody's doin' it", that would indicate one way to deal with atrocity stories. Either believe all you read from both sides or else reject all. But to believe all the tales of German cruelties and reject all the tales of anti-German cruelties is not intelligent. War is terribly cruel. It lets loose hordes of men, the bulk of whom are humane but including many who are not humane. Moreover, war excites

and intensifies the passions, and may brutalize even the kindly. It is not incredible that Belgian peasants, infuriated by their sufferings, took dreadful vengeance on wounded Germans. And, of course, it is not incredible that some Germans took terrible vengeance on helpless Belgians. When five or six million men are practicing to kill one another, why bother about these details or fret because some women and children and other non-combatants are killed? It is the war that is terrible, not these poor, dreadful incidents of it. To try to make war nice is poppycock. After we have read of trenches filled and fields heaped with dead young Germans at Liège, and with Germans and Frenchmen and Englishmen along a line two hundred miles wide from Liège to Paris, this protest from the Kaiser about dum-dum bullets sounds like a joke.



THE poor Kaiser! The papers quote the late General Grierson, who had been military attaché at Berlin, as saying of him: "He's all right; he's a gentleman. But those around him are perfectly poisonous."

Just how much hand, immediately and personally, the Kaiser had in bringing on the war is not known yet, but a theory that commends itself to credulity holds the poisonous Prussian war party responsible for getting Germany into this war while the Kaiser was off on his summer holiday in

Norway. The proceedings as to the stiffening of Austria's backbone in her dealings with Serbia were doubtless agreed upon before the Kaiser left his capital. Austria was to mobilize against Serbia, but it seems to have been expected, and there seems to have been a supposition that it had been arranged that Russia would do nothing more than protest in Serbia's behalf. But when Russia fooled this expectation by mobilizing, the Kaiser was away, and then, apparently, the Crown Prince and all the fire-eaters rushed matters so hard that before the Kaiser could get back the country was committed to fight Russia. That meant France, too, and then, to Germany's horror, England joined them, leaving German diplomacy flat on its back and the war squad in control of everything.

If that is a true story, and the Kaiser was thus caught in the machinery he has so labored to create, still it was his machinery that caught him, and it all only illustrates the saying that those who live by the sword shall perish by the sword.



THE war news at this writing is all of a successful stand by the Allies in France on the line from Paris to Verdun, and the driving back of the Germans. But we only know generally what is going on. It is fight, fight, fight; a tremendous engagement of huge armies along a long line, with apparent advantage for the Allies. If the defenders merely hold their own in this fighting they are ahead. For the Germans to hold their own is not enough. They must conquer or get out.

All the forecasts of students and predictions of prophets, seers, wizards, witches, holy men, clairvoyants and sooth-sayers have been widely published and have made interesting reading of late. We all want to see a little farther ahead than the unaided vision can penetrate. Some attractive long-distance prophecies have set November as the month in which the Kaiser is to lose his empire. That may follow, of course, if this enormous battle between Paris and Verdun



"COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS—"

goes decisively against the invaders and the Russian successes continue. In *LIFE* of September 10th Professor Roland Usher, the author of "Pan-Germanism", was included, along with Dr. Stanley Hall, among the students of German power who thought that Germany must win no matter what the odds are. That impression as to Professor Usher was derived from a review of his book in the *New York Times*. But he declines the place thus given him, and points out that the last two chapters of his book give in detail his reasons for regarding Germany's success as highly improbable.

Dr. Hall said that Nietzsche's philosophy and its worship of power had disastrously affected the German mind and helped to drive it towards militarism. The *Springfield Republican* defends Nietzsche, asserts that he was only half pleased with the effect on Germany of the successful war of 1870, and that "nothing could have been more abhorrent to him than such a war as this (present) one". Nietzsche, it seems, wanted his superman to be able in something far higher than brute force, and was himself, the *Republican* says, "no eulogist of force", but an earnest rooter for culture. If we have

at all misrepresented Professor Nietzsche, or abetted Professor Hall in doing so, we regret it and apologize. But no remonstrance has been received from him, and we are assured, and thankfully believe, that he is dead.



THERE is a pious beauty about the phrasing of the little proclamation in which President Wilson calls upon "all God-fearing persons" to pray on October 4th for the restoration of peace in Europe. It reads like a collect out of the Episcopal prayer-book. Europe's needs are urgent. It is to be hoped, though, that she will not be past praying for on the first Sunday in October.

Our own politics are almost as confused a blur as the European war. Here in New York, for example, the political habits of a lifetime have all been knocked endwise by the uplifting arrangement called the direct primary. Hardly one voter in a thousand has any clear idea of who or what he is going to vote for this fall, or how to go about it. The State Conventions made no nominations. The voters will vote if they find that they are qualified and that somebody has put up somebody to run for office. But meanwhile the thoughts of the thoughtful are all engrossed by the disturbances in Europe, and all minor anxieties about what may happen at the polls at home are swallowed up in the immense concern for what is doing there.

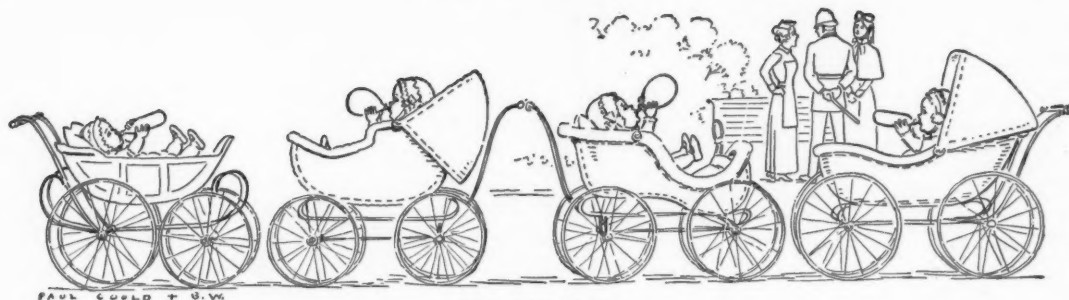
What will not be overlooked, even in the great concern about the fate of Europe, is the condition of business. We have no war here, but the great crash in Europe touches us at a thousand points, checking the recovery of prosperity that was hoped for so confidently, diminishing in very important measure the market for our cotton and many manufactures, embarrassing still further our already embarrassed railroads, closing factories and sending workmen into the street. We are far better off than any country of Europe; we have wheat to sell, and the price has risen; but as yet our losses by the war far outweigh the probabilities of profit.



· L E ·



Out of Work



THE MILKY WAY



Plenty of Quantity but Not Much Quality

WITH seven new plays in one week and only one of them a success, it would seem that there must be something rotten in Denmark, theatrically speaking. The managers blame the European war, the fear of hard times, everything except their own judgment in the selection of dramatic material and their ability to put it before the public in acceptable form. If the public was staying away from the theatre entirely, there might be ground for that explanation, but two of the plays produced this year are playing to packed houses and a few others are doing good business, so apparently it isn't the war or the times or the public that is to be blamed for the large percentage of failures. Evidently the weak place in our theatricals is to be found among the managerial autocrats who select plays and their casts.



OF the pronounced successes one is serious—"On Trial", already reviewed in this column—and the other frothy to the last degree, but touching some aspects of contemporary life with a very sure hand, so it cannot be alleged as an excuse for failure that the public insists on having only one kind of entertainment. The most recent success is called "It Pays to Advertise", and is from the pens of Messrs. R. C. Megrue and Walter Hackett.

Any advertising agent or solicitor who is working a "prospect" will find tickets for "It Pays to Advertise" an excellent investment. The ideal plan would be to give the prospective customer a good dinner, take him to see "It Pays to Advertise" and have the contract and a fountain pen ready for combination immediately after. Hearing the arguments in favor of advertising advanced as they are in this play makes one feel a desire to get right into business and advertise something. And strangely this business play never for more than a few seconds lapses into anything like seriousness. It starts off with its fun at such a high pressure that it seems there must be a break somewhere, but it continues right on through the entire three acts without a let-up. And it really

has an ingenious plot, which is rare in humorous dramas of the day.

It was good managerial instinct that selected the play and equally good judgment that cast it. There are any number of actors who could have played the principal rôles indifferently well, but Ruth Shepley, Louise Drew and Messrs. Grant Mitchell, Will Deming, John W. Cope and Kenneth Hill were each chosen and rehearsed, with unusual managerial ability.

Bread-and-butter reasons would suggest the approval of "It Pays to Advertise" as a title and a fact, but without any selfish reason it may be recommended as the cheeriest thing seen in a New York theatre for many a day.



THE Century Opera opens its second season with the former New Theatre remodeled in its seating arrangements and with a fixed place among New York's artistic undertakings. One might wish for less pretentiousness and more distinction as characteristics of its endeavors artistically, but the Messrs. Aborn are shrewd judges of the taste of the public they cater to, and are experienced in gilding the pill of grand opera for general consumption. It is too early in the season to judge whether any advance has been made over last year's standards, but if the Century were nothing else it justifies its existence as an educational institution for the bigger house down town.



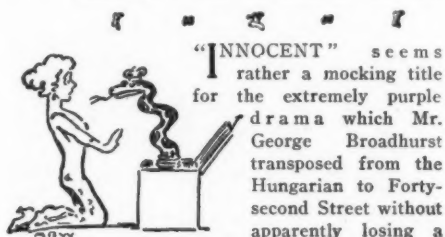
"THE MODERN GIRL" proves to be, not a suffragette, as might naturally have been expected, but of the eternal frivolous type, who is modern in the fact that she compromises herself by a clandestine visit to the bachelor apartment of a rich Jewish bachelor. This brings about complications for her business father, who belongs to the old school, which has not learned to look with complacency on just that kind of racial intermingling. The play has one or two good episodes—notably the scene between the father and the bachelor—and a good many clever lines. Well as Mr. Steger acts the rôle of the father, it was a curious procedure to choose an artist with a foreign accent to play a New York Knickerbocker in contrast to a Jew with a perfectly up-to-date delivery. There were other defects that emphasized the entirely theatrical character of the play, but in its entirety it was not lacking in entertaining qualities.



THE company appearing in "The Story of the Rosary" demonstrates one thing—that English actors who are not reproducing society characters can really speak English



well. The piece is a sentimental melodrama intended to appeal to the big public, which may account for the fact that its English interpreters do not affect the high-pitched indistinctness of speech supposed to be a mark of Britain's more cultured classes. The play itself is not so much spectacular as of the Mrs. Braddon type of romance. Curiously, its motive is the poem written by an American and made famous in music by an American composer. The piece is well done and should command the patronage of the sentimentally inclined.



"INNOCENT" seems rather a mocking title for the extremely purple drama which Mr. George Broadhurst transposed from the Hungarian to Forty-second Street without apparently losing a single bit of the unpleasant qualities of the original. Putting on the reverse English—the cart before the horse—the moral before the fable—the climax before the play—is a recent fashion in the drama which is adopted in "Innocent". It opens with the suicide of the character who is the hero, whose life story is told in the subsequent acts. It is an unblushing tale of feminine wantonness. There may be a box-office demand for plays of this sort, but it seems hardly necessary without better dramatic and literary excuse to search Europe to place the details of its vices before the American public. Pauline Frederick realized the uninspiring heroine in picturesque

appearance and played it with her usual passionate understanding. The other principal rôles were competently done by Messrs. John Miltern, Julien L'Estrange, Hardee Kirkland and George Probert. The last named is a very clever young character actor, but is permitting himself to be associated with a line of parts that the better they are done the more nauseating they are.

"Innocent" is very far from being what it is named. And it leaves a very distinct and very unpleasant after-taste.

"MISS DAISY" is really a musical comedy, the story not being completely submerged by chorus girls, cos-

tumes and comedians. It is not a startling effort in any way, and the relief in a musical show from the time-worn methods make it rather a refreshing evening's entertainment of an extremely light sort, musically and otherwise.

NEITHER "The Bludgeon", one of Mr. Paul Armstrong's studies in the lurid aspects of social life, nor "Cordelia Blossom", previously described, seemed to have been eugenically bred. At all events, they both died in their extremely early infancy.

Metcalf.



Candler.—"On Trial." Absorbingly interesting crime drama, not as remarkable from the nature of its story as from the original way in which it is told. Well acted and well staged.

Casino.—Fritzi Scheff in "Pretty Miss Smith". Notice later.

Century Opera House.—"Carmen" and "William Tell" on alternate evenings.

Cohan's.—"It Pays to Advertise," by Roi Cooper Megrue and Walter Hackett. See above.

Comedy.—"The Modern Girl," by Marian Fairfax and Ruth C. Mitchell. See above.

Cort.—"Under Cover." Interesting and well-cast polite melodrama with smuggling and the methods of the United States Customs Service as its motives.

Eltinge.—"Innocent," by Mr. George Broadhurst. See above.

Empire.—Mr. John Drew in "The Prodigal

Husband". A not expertly written play, but fairly interesting and showing Mr. Drew deviating somewhat from his usual polished methods.

Fulton.—"Twin Beds," by Margaret Mayo. More than usually laughable farce with its fun derived from apartment-house complications.

Globe.—"Cabiria." A most elaborate picture-play with the scenes laid principally in ancient Carthage.

Hippodrome.—"The Wars of the World." The big resources of the stage and company devoted to a series of impressive settings of disconnected episodes that can be grouped under the title "war".

Hudson.—"The Dummy." Last fortnight of this interesting and well-acted melodrama based on kidnapping.

Knickerbocker.—"The Girl from Utah." English musical show of the customary kind somewhat Americanized by its principals. Julia Sanderson, Joseph Cawthorn and Donald Brian.

Lyceum.—"The Beautiful Adventure," by the authors of "Love Watches". One of the few clever French comedies that has come to us of late. A bit too talky, somewhat risky, but well acted and amusing.

Lyric.—"Peg o' My Heart." Last fortnight of Mr. Manners's clever comedy dealing with the adventures of a fascinating young Irish-American girl finding her way to the affections of her relatives in England.

Manhattan Opera House.—"The Story of the Rosary." See above.

Playhouse.—"The Elder Son." Notice later.

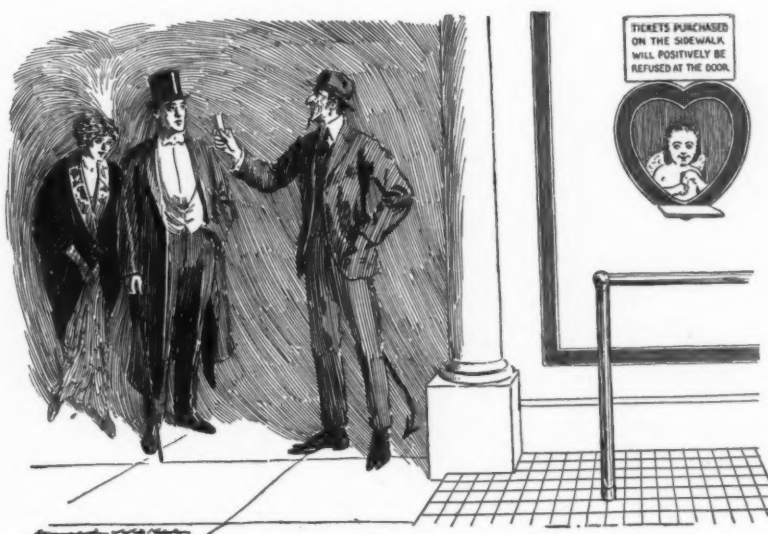
Rose Gardens.—Dancing, pictures, etc. See above.

Republic.—"The High Cost of Loving." Mr. Lew Fields establishing himself as a legitimate comedian by the aid of a fairly laughable farcical comedy.

Shubert.—"Miss Daisy," by Messrs. Bartholomae and Hein. See above.

Thirty-ninth Street.—"The Third Party." Imported farce based on the not entirely novel motive of the consequences arising from the indiscretions of the gay husband of a jealous wife. Somewhat diverting.

Winter Garden.—Last fortnight of "The Passing Show of 1914." Chorus girls, catchy music, brilliant costumes and settings, dancing and vaudeville, all in extravagant profusion.



THE TICKET SPECULATOR

The Rose of War

ITS leaves are bright with the cannon-shine,
Its shadow is dark with trembling fears,
Its roots reach down to the deadly mine,
It is watered with widows' tears.

Its blood-red petals are beating lives,
Anguish-dewed where the blossom parts;
Its thorns are the thrusts of angry knives
Death-deep into human hearts.

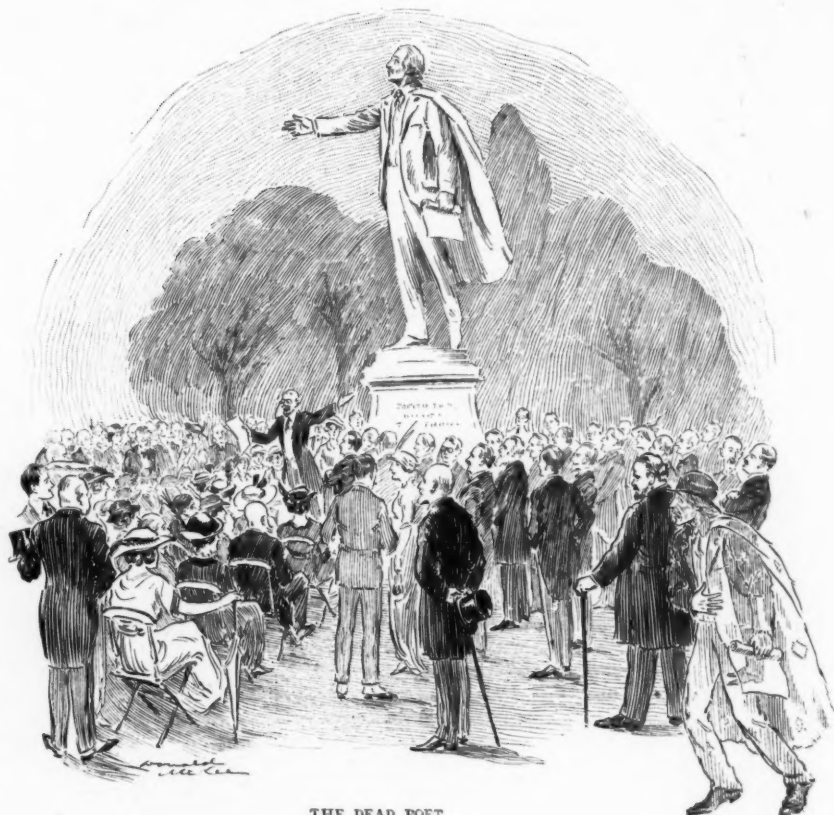
How fair it gleams in the lying light,
In the flush of the glittering sun how fair!

But tarry not by the gallant sight,
For the breath of the tomb is there.
Amos R. Wells.

Keeping Step

"OUR pension roll," says the San Francisco *Argonaut*, "is so honeycombed with graft that to those on the inside of things, a place on it carries the imputation of dishonesty."

It is indeed a pleasure to learn that pension affairs are holding up their end with other leading activities.



THE DEAD POET



Examiner: NOW, WILLIAM, IF A MAN CAN DO ONE-FOURTH OF A PIECE OF WORK IN TWO DAYS, HOW LONG WILL HE TAKE TO FINISH IT?

William: IS IT A CONTRAC' JOB OR IS HE WORKIN' BY THE DAY? .

A Well-known Firm

IT was a busy office; never before, indeed, in the history of the world had this great firm done such a business. Messengers were running back and forth, executing orders with the crowned heads of Europe, with the heads of syndicates, with magnates and purveyors of food to the common people. In a room marked "private", so that no one might see them, there was even a small group of sleek-faced philanthropists.

A woman had fainted on the street below, and she was brought in and taken up to the office of the head of the firm. He looked her over critically as she came to.

"I am starving," she whispered, as she slowly revived. "My husband and sons have been taken away from me. The price of food is so high that I cannot buy it. Yet I am a wife and a mother. Will you help me?"

The head of the firm smiled grimly.

"We're not in that business," he said, coldly. "Our business, madam, is to ignore women and deal only with men. Here, boy, tell the Kaiser we're backing him. Yes, tell all the imperial governments the same—we're backing 'em to win."

"Why did you have me brought up here," said the woman, faintly, "if you will not help me?"

"Because you don't need such a good dress."

"Here, boy, take that lady downstairs and change her gown for the cheapest one we have in stock. Keep the other and let her loose. We can't afford to let anything go, no matter how trifling."

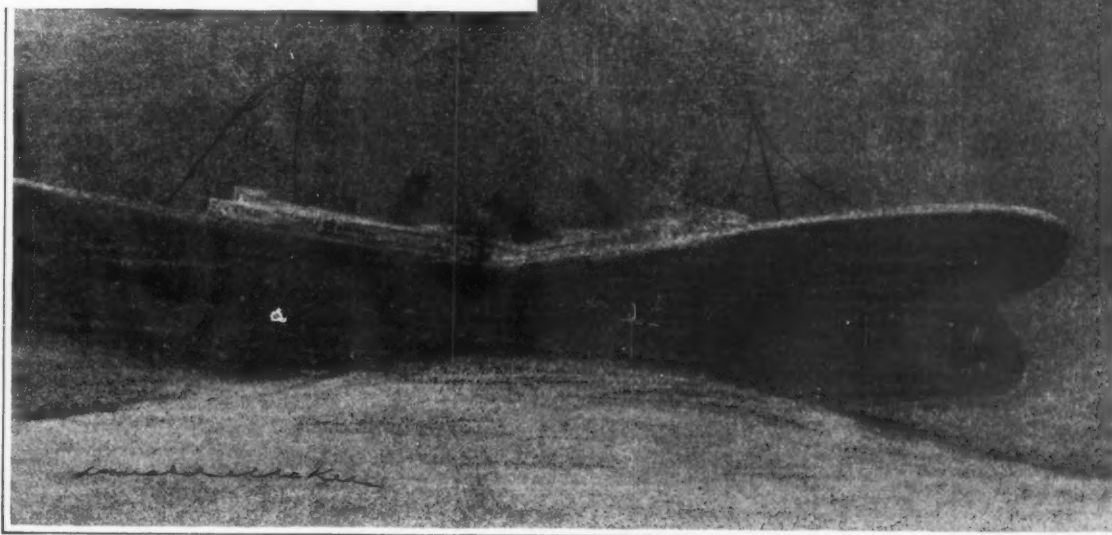
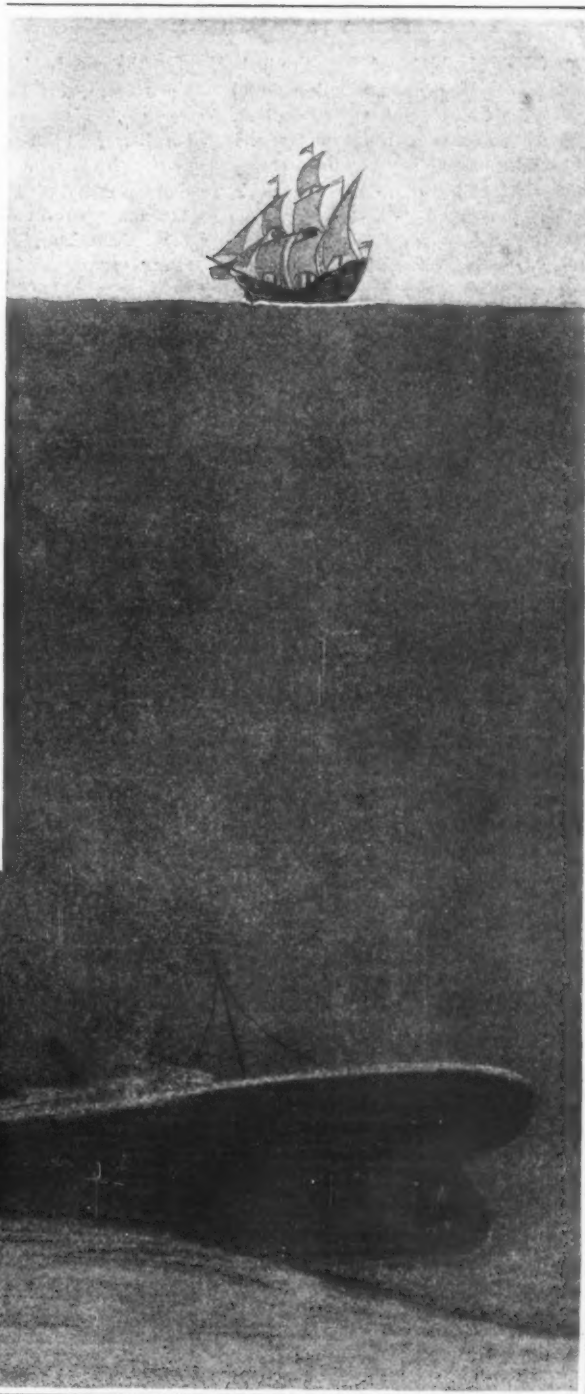
The woman, hopeless, was taken away, robbed of her gown, and once more led out into the street homeless.

"What is the name of that terrible firm," she whispered, "who consider nothing but their own diabolical appetite, and who are on such intimate terms with those in power?"

The messenger pointed to a large sign over the door.

And she read:

World Brokers.
GREED & Co.,



THE TORTOISE AND THE HARE

The Under-Dog

I OFTEN think of a dear little Under-Dog at a London hotel whom I actually wanted to hug. He was a page in the lounge, and as he passed I gave him a penny and asked him to bring me a day's Mail. He saluted gallantly.

"With the greatest pleasure, Madame," he said, and went off. He came back with the paper on a silver tray and a half-penny change, which I declined.

"Oh, thank you so much, Madame," he said; "what charming weather we're having!"

There was nothing menial or subservient about him. He was a simple, knightly little gentleman. He might have been a young prince.

I wish all the Under-Dogs were like that.

I don't mean those on the park benches or the ones in the bread-line. They have all the awful Doré-like dignity of the down-and-out, representing the entire tragedy of life wrapped up in one grim climax. I am referring to that quite comfortable figure in overalls and carrying a dinner-pail, pathetically supposed to be the prey of the corpulent money trust.

He is frequently referred to by socialistic speechmakers as the Honest Working Man, but they love to call him the "Under-Dog", as it invariably wakens applause. We know him best and cower to him as the Janitor, the Elevator Boy, the Cabman, the Waiter. Then, of course, the Cook, in her power and majesty, is all these and something more. They all belong in the Human Dachshund class.

The Under-Dog, we know, is the Boss. The American citizen and citizeness have reached a grovelling state of subserviency that means a continual giving in (as well as giving out) to all forms of injustice, ranking from bad manners to plain extortion—all to avoid being tagged with that awful brand of Cain, crankism.

I am not talking now of millionaires, either the plain or the multi. They, of course, buy civility and insist on getting what they want as well as dare to ask for it. They Pay—Pay—Pay for value to be received.

But the middle-class American—even as you and I—has become so positively crawling in his dealings with the labor he comes in contact with during the day that he is reduced to the spineless submissiveness of a worm—the turnless kind.

The American, returning after a jaunt abroad, having experienced a restful civility that has made him actually friendly with every porter, guard, doorman and lift boy he meets, is immediately hit in the face by this state of things as soon as the ship touches the dock.

Woof—woof—woof!

There stands the Under-Dog, snarling and showing his teeth. Ridiculous cab fares, thug porters, howling trunk-destroyers, a Walpurgis chorus of barkers, all anxious to bear off the prey. If there is one person who has not experienced this sort of thing, this bullying, blatant mode of what is paradoxically called *service*, he or she should be preserved in oil before it is too late, so that coming generations could gaze on what we were before we began to go about on our hands and knees.

Of course it has become a fad—a precaution with wise persons—to cater to these extreme conditions, as you might humor a maniac or coquet with a bomb-thrower in order to gain time. The "help" question is one of our national horrors.

What every woman knows is how she must give in to servants in order to keep them. She is making a grand and noble advance into the halls of state, but not one of the finest of them—not even Inezmulholland herself—dare to look like a human being when she happens to be unescorted and wants to get something that is her rightful due from the persons paid to provide her with it.

Not even in her own home does she dare to brave the wave of criticism, gossip and kitchen patter that ascends to the four winds of heaven when the accumulated and amalgamated help of the flat building meets in solemn conclave on the roof at rug-beating time.

However, this screed of protest has not to do with the present Mind Wave

methods of housekeeping nor with the Hat Check Nuisance nor the Boy with the Whisk Broom. Women used to cajole kings and princes in olden times so their little whims might carry. Judith went a-tenting, and the Queen of Sheba afternoon calling, each with her purpose concealed in her *chiffons*. Cleopatra punted up the Nile so that she might have pearls instead of cherries in her five-o'clock tea. Girls will be girls.

The emission of humanitarian sentiments is keeping a great many persons in motor-cars in these days. This Under-Dog thing has the drag on a good many votes besides being such a highly uplifting idea—but it fails somehow to uplift the pup himself. The Brother to the Ox is always looking for his bone.

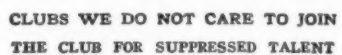
We can all remember those gentle days of childhood when the little district messenger-boys in blue suits used to rob us in tariff and change and funds generally. They not only represented the Youthful Spirit of Industry, but, if memory serves us, they were advertised by very vivid illustrations, always running, with lightning zig-zagging from their feet.

They are all bank presidents now, but the new generation of highway robbers is not half so piquant. To-day we have horny-handed delivery men from the billion-dollar department stores, veering in age from early youth to manhood's prime, who stand with their hats firmly planted on their heads, and lack the necessary change from small to large sums. How much it may amount to, to the store's customer who needs it badly to pay an installment on the dustless mop, is a mere piffing detail. They simply haven't got it, Lady!

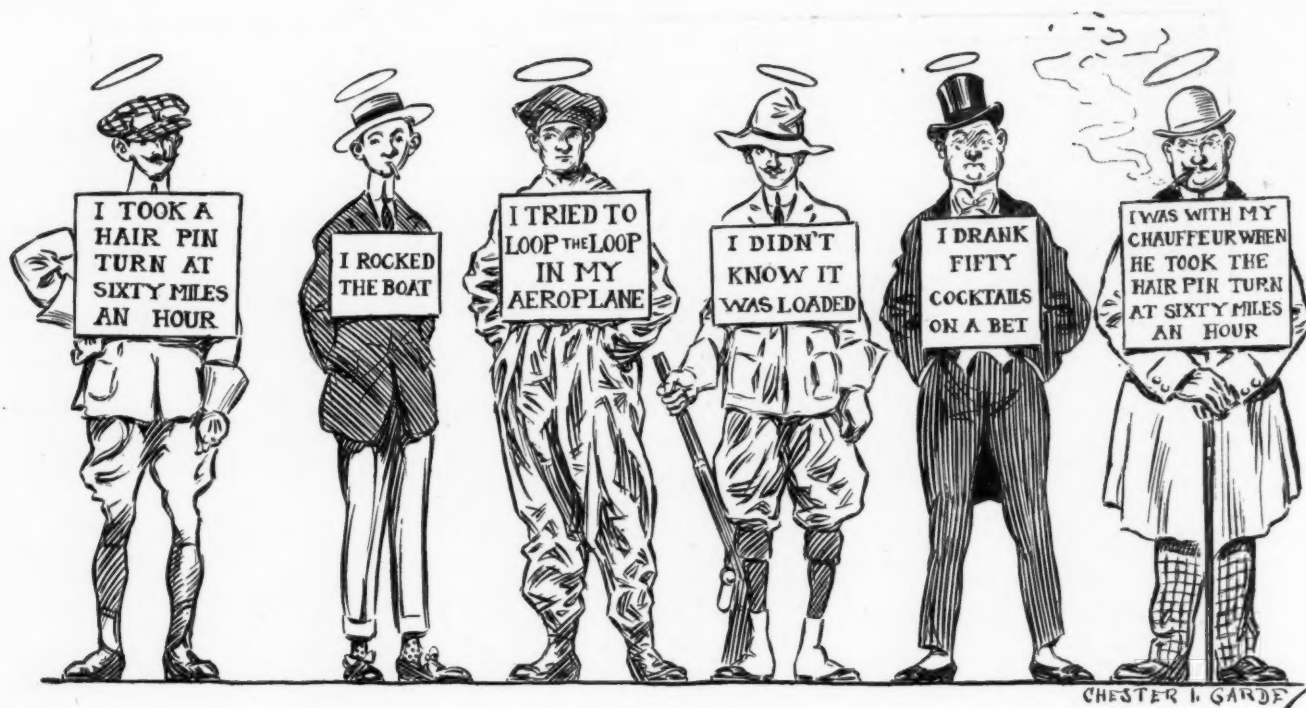
Let her dare to object, to murmur even, and she will see a red light glinting in the eye of the six-footer who has come with her frilled petticoat. He is making collections on his own account, and probably finds it pays more than his week's salary.

Those of us who hail and revere the symbolic figure of Labor exemplified in the splendid, brawny stone-men the sculptors are putting up over the doors of our public buildings, re-

(Continued on page 552.)



CLUBS WE DO NOT CARE TO JOIN
THE CLUB FOR SUPPRESSED TALENT



DOWN-AND-OUTERS

Our Primer of Celebrities

SEE the Censor.

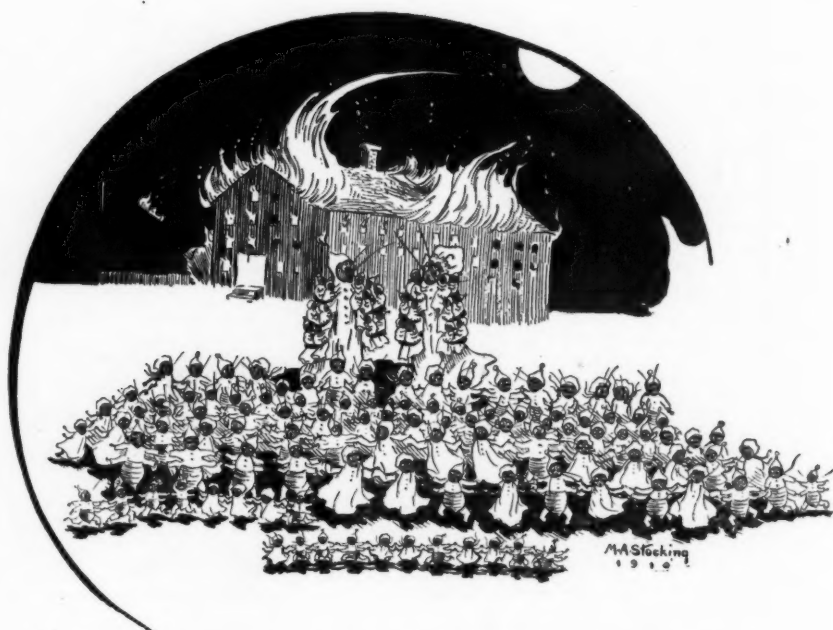
He censors all the time—morning, noon and night. When others are taking their much-needed rest he keeps on censoring just the same. His heart is in his work.

War was becoming so well known that there was grave danger of its getting to be unpopular. When we have discovered all there is to know about a thing we generally lose interest in it. The censor was therefore called in to fan the mystery. He loves to keep everybody guessing.

Every censor has probably once been an editor. The main business of editors is to cut out everything interesting.

To be a first-class censor one must be able to keep a secret. There are no women censors.

Censors owe their existence to war. Will they die out or become obsolete? We cannot answer this question perfectly, but, judging from present indications, we have an idea that there will always be censors.



Mrs. Roach: JOHN, DEAR, ARE YOU SURE WE HAVE ALL THE CHILDREN?



Orra Cushing

HER FIRST "AFFAIR"

The Wrong Prisoner

ALADDIN rubbed his lamp vigorously and the genie rushed up as usual and opened the door.

"Bring me the God of Battles," he said.

"Very well, sire, but he's awfully busy and——"

"Get out, you lazy lout, and do as I tell you!"

In a short time the genie appeared with the God of Battles. He was exceedingly distraught in his appearance. He had evidently been fighting hard.

"I'm going to shut you up," said Aladdin, "where you can't get away.

I'm tired of your disreputable trade."

The God of Battles frowned.

"You have the power," he observed, resignedly.

"Very well. Here, genie, or whatever your name is, you dusky slave, take this god away, gag him, and keep him in some dark cellar where he can't do any harm."

"Tis done, sire."

About a week later Aladdin, looking up from his morning paper, heard in the distance the same old noise. Furiously he rubbed the lamp. The genie again appeared.

"You miserable apology, didn't I tell you to tie up that God of Battles!"

The slave trembled.

"I did, sire."

"And hide him in a dark cellar?"

"I did, sire."

"Then, what's going on out there? War, war, nothing but war! Bring him back!"

The God of Battles, all bound and gagged, was brought back.

"Did you start this latest?" said Aladdin. "Ungag him, wretch, and let him speak."

"No, your honor."

"Then you are not responsible for these wars?"

"Certainly not."

Aladdin grew thoughtful.

"Who is?" he asked.

The God of Battles smiled.

"The statesmen and diplomats," he replied. And he added grimly: "They made me."

BESS: Aren't you glad the United States is neutral?

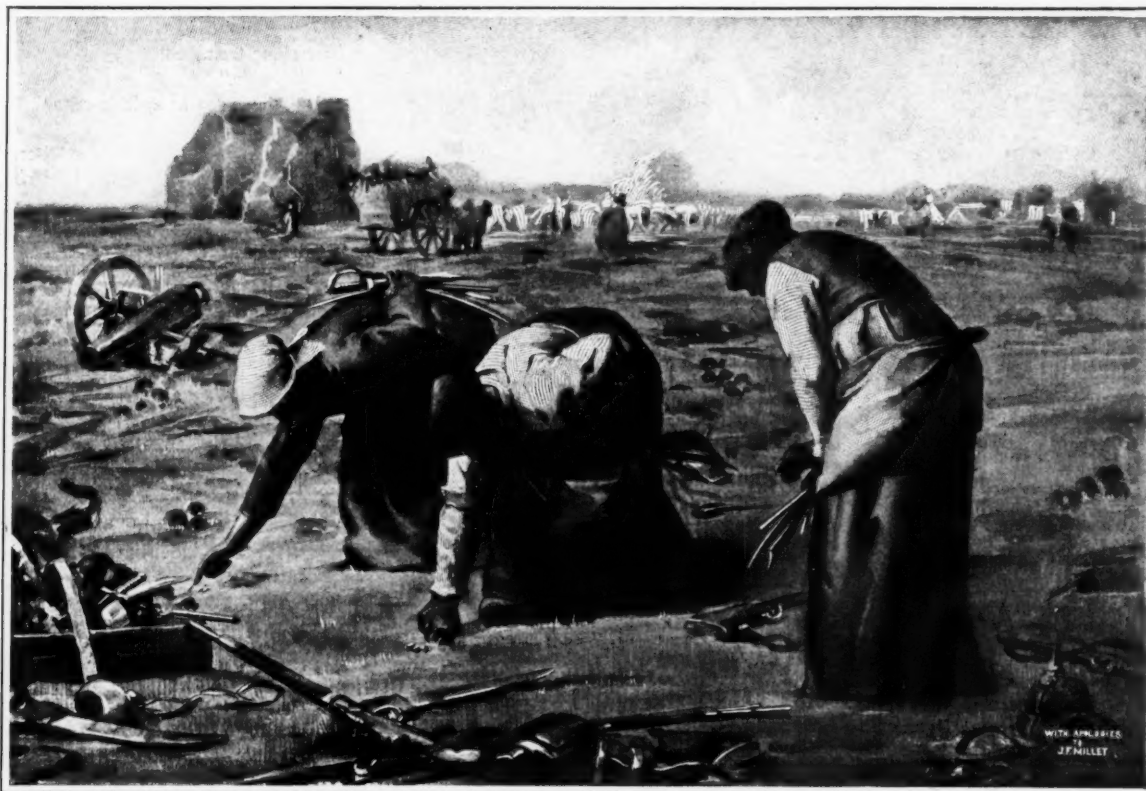
TESS: Yes, we've lost all of our population that we can spare in railroad wrecks, Fourth of July celebrations, embalmed-food feasts and so on.

NIGHT WATCHMAN (in any European town): "Eight o'clock—and all's hell."



BIOGRAPHICAL

"THE 'LIFE' AND LETTERS OF CORNELIUS NOBB"



"THE GLEANERS"

About the War Expert

THE War Expert is a man whose business it is to get together all the facts, figures, rumors, canards and official statements and, in the light of his vast experience, analyze and dissect and group them in such a way that the conclusions he arrives at invariably are wrong. Or to put it scientifically:

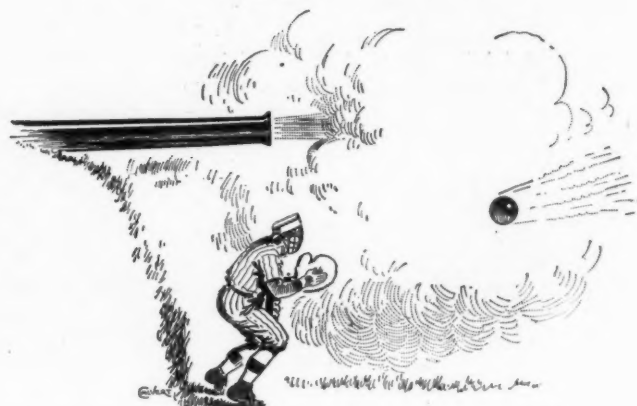
Every War Expert is like every other War Expert. No two War Experts agree except in such cases where neither of them, by the remotest possibility, could be right. An intersecting line drawn from one War Expert to another, and from thence to a third, will always show that the square of the hypotenuse is in inverse ratio to the natural ignorance of one added to the combined acquired stupidity of the other two. This can be demonstrated in many ways, but the usual test is time.

The ideal War Expert is a military man who is either retired or for some personal reason is temporarily prevented from joining his regiment, and is thus enabled to put his gigantic intellect to bear on some of the acute problems of the war, the correct details of which the newspapers are not publishing from day to day.

He is also, as a rule, an intimate friend of the Kaiser

or Kings engaged, who received their present military knowledge from having been his classmate.

War Experts are now in demand. The price of a good one varies, from fifteen dollars a week upward, according to the location of the imaginary armies and the size and extent and variety of the whoppers he has to prepare.



WHY NOT USE OUR BASEBALL CATCHERS IN TIME OF WAR?



"MR. MILLYONS IS BUSY"
"MY SON, THAT DOESN'T GO WITH ME"



AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

A Run for the Money

A traveler bought a ticket and then, going out on the platform, said:

"How soon does the train start?"

"Why, there she goes now," said a porter. "You've just missed her."

The traveler kept on the line and set out in pursuit of the train with all his might. But in two or three minutes he came trudging back.

A laughing crowd had gathered and the porter said:

"Well, did you catch her?"

"No," said the traveler, "but, by jingo, I made her puff."—*Kansas City Star.*

Didn't Know Which

CALLER: Is your daughter an equestrian?

PROUD MOTHER: Either that or valedictorian. These class offices are so confusing, don't you know.

—*Buffalo Express.*



Newly Arrived Tango Fiend: I'LL DO WHAT I CAN WITH THE HARP AND WINGS—BUT HOW DO YOU SPEND YOUR EVENINGS?

Disgusted

The elephant flapped his ears and sighed so impressively that the yellow dust in the alleyway was considerably agitated.

"To think," he confidentially remarked to the toothless tiger, "that my ancestors fought with Hannibal and graced a Roman holiday!"

"What's the answer?" snarled the tiger.

"Dust and desolation," snorted the elephant. "I have in my veins the blood of the white mammoths of Upsala, and yet I am forced, forsooth, to pose with a lot of mangy and moth-eaten quadrupeds in a hand-made jungle, in front of a moving-picture coffee-mill. Woof, but I'm sorely tempted to throttle myself with my own trunk, and so make an end on't!"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

A GLASGOW merchant, famous for his stinginess, came into his office one morning and found a young clerk writing a letter in rather a flourishing hand. "My man," he observed, "dinna mak' the tails o' yer g's and y's quite sae lang. I want the ink tae last the quarter oot."—*Argonaut.*

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year; to Canada, 52 cents. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents. Issues prior to 1910 out of print.

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The Bride: JAMES, DEAR, I'M AFRAID I'LL HAVE TO ASK YOU TO GIVE ME THREE DOLLARS AND A HALF—IT'S THE ONLY WAY I CAN MAKE MY BOOKS BALANCE

WAR

as viewed by *Life*

A handsome art portfolio, printed in colors and black and white, on coated paper.

A reproduction in *extenso* of the famous war pictures, dramatic and satirical, which have appeared in LIFE during the past ten years.

A pictorial arraignment of War.

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Ask your newsdealer



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THE electric vehicle has a field peculiarly its own. In that field no other type of vehicle can approach it.

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The special features that make friends for the electric vehicle and hold them are brought to greatest perfection in the Westinghouse Electric Vehicle Motor, with which most of the finest cars and trucks in the electric field are equipped.

The Westinghouse Electric Vehicle Motor is fully protected

against dust and mud. It has the ability to take cars up hills without undue drain upon batteries. It stands the manufacturer's most rigid tests and is absolutely dependable.

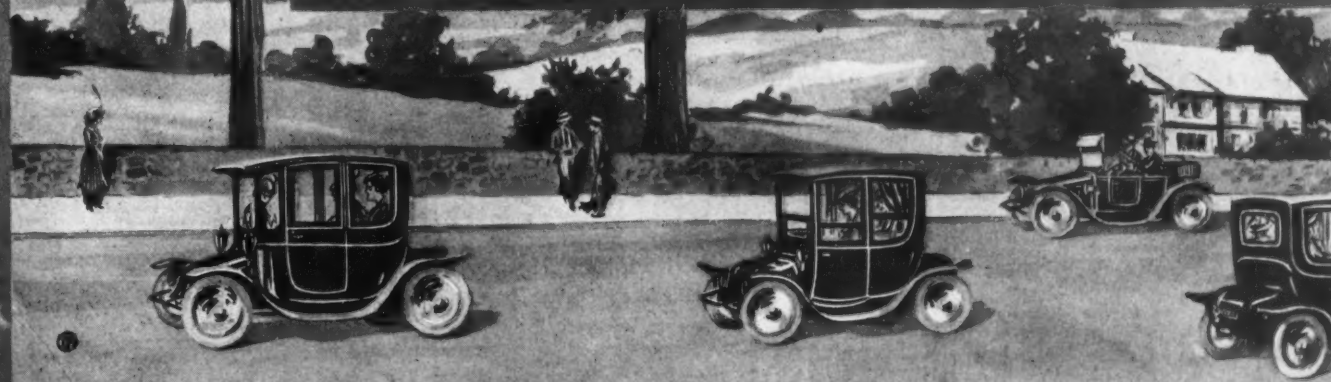
Back of the manufacturer's guarantee of your electric is the wide experience of the Westinghouse organization in designing and building motors for every type of electric vehicle, and the well-known guarantee of the Westinghouse name.

We will be glad to furnish special information about electric vehicles for any purpose and the names of electrics equipped with Westinghouse Motors. Address Dept. DV.

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East Pittsburgh, Pa.**

Sales Offices in 45 American Cities

Representatives All Over the World



OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Worked Both Ways

In a case tried in a Philadelphia court the prosecuting attorney had a good deal of fun at the expense of counsel for the defendant, each of whom seemed as stupid as the other. "Ignorance of the law," interposed the judge at a certain juncture, "is no excuse for violation of law." "May I inquire of your honor," asked the prosecuting attorney, "whether your honor's remarks are directed at the defendant or his counsel?"—*Argonaut*.

In 1920

"Who is that awfully important looking woman?"

"Why, that's Mrs. Van Gudgeon. She's the Regent of the Daughters of the Stranded Tourists."

—*Cleveland Plain-Dealer*.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER

50 cents the case of 6 glass stoppered bottles

Jude Johnson's Announcement

JUDE JOHNSON: The war is having such a dire effect on me I can't work at all. But Mrs. Johnson is undisturbed, and turns out a dozen washings a day.

—*Atchison Globe*.

Sliced Oranges with a dash of Abbott's Bitters are appetizing and healthful. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. 1 stamp. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

FRIEND: I suppose the baby is fond of you?

PAPA: Fond of me. Why, he sleeps all day when I'm not at home and stays awake all night just to enjoy my society.

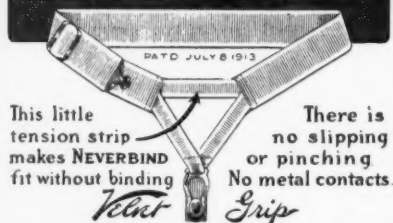
—*Tit-Bits*.

Here is that new Boston Garter

Many dealers have NEVERBIND; if yours hasn't, we will send sample pair, postpaid, for 25 cents mercerized, double-grip 35 cents, or 50 cents silk, in blue, lavender, gray, tan, white and black.

GEORGE FROST CO., Sole Makers, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

NEVERBIND Boston Garter



This little tension strip makes NEVERBIND fit without binding

There is no slipping or pinching No metal contacts.

Velvet Grip

There is NO RUBBER in the Leg Band

Always lifts on the Sock
Never drags on the Leg

Weights less than half an ounce



"The Utmost in Cigarettes"

EGYPTIAN
DEITIES
Plain End or Cork Tip

Must Have Been Difficult

A man was bought before the court upon the complaint of his wife. While the prisoner was testifying, the judge made it clear that he intended to be harsh with him; so his wife became frightened, and when called to the stand refused to give any testimony. In fact, she retracted all her accusations.

"So your husband didn't strike you, then?" said the judge. "Where did you get that black eye?"

"I struck it accidentally on the mantel-piece."

"So! And that piece bitten out of your ear—he didn't do that, either?"

"No, no, your honor. I did that myself!"—*Berliner Illustrierte Zeitung*.

Wise and Otherwise

"It takes my wife so long to dress when we want to go to the city that we always miss the train," complained the first suburbanite. "How is your wife? I don't hear you kick much." "My wife has a system that isn't so bad," said the second suburbanite. "She's so late for one train that she's generally on time for the next."

—*Pittsburgh Post*.

Comfort Without Extravagance, Hotel Woodstock, New York

Why Not?

"Mother," asked Tommy, "is it correct to say that you 'water a horse' when he is thirsty?"

"Yes, my dear," said his mother.

"Well, then," said Tommy, picking up a saucer, "I'm going to milk the cat."

—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

How It Happened

"How did they get into the scrap?"

"Trying to preserve their neutrality."

—*Detroit Free Press*.



THE RIGHT REVEREND

HARTSHORN
SHADE
ROLLERS
Original and unequalled.
Wood or tin rollers. "Improved" requires no tacks. Inventor's signature on genuine!

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MODEL 81
With ELECTRIC STARTER
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The Unexpected—

An Overland—electrically started, electrically lighted, stream-line body, 4-inch tires, large five-passenger touring car—priced at only \$850.

This is the very first car of this design, quality, size, capacity, power and electrical equipment, to sell below \$1000.

Specifications:

30 H. P. motor
Stream-line body
Ample room for five passengers
Electrically started
Electrically lighted
Electric horn
High tension magneto
All electric switches on instrument board of cowl dash
Ventilating, rain-vision type windshield

High-grade upholstery
Thermo-syphon cooling
Five bearing crankshaft
Rear axle; floating type
Rear springs; extra long, underslung, 3-4 elliptic
106-inch wheelbase
33-inch x 4-inch tires
Demountable rims
One extra rim

Left-hand drive
Center control
Body color: Brewster green with ivory white striping
Complete equipment, including electric head, side, dash and tail lights, electric horn, top, top cover, robe rail, speedometer and ventilating, rain-vision type windshield.



Two-Passenger Roadster - - - - \$795
Delivery Wagon with closed body - - - - \$895
35 H. P. four-passenger Coupe

Delivery Wagon with open body - - - - \$850
The larger four-cylinder Overland Touring Car - - - - \$1075
- - - - \$1600

All Prices f. o. b. Toledo, Ohio

Handsome 1915 catalogue on request.

Please address Dept. 016

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio

This is Teeth Insurance



Sozodont comes in three forms,—Paste, Powder and Liquid. The kind used is generally a matter of individual taste.

We have found by experience—and we have made Sozodont since 1848—that the use of Liquid at night, and either Paste or Powder in the morning, is the best form of teeth insurance.

This is very easily explained:

Sozodont Paste or Powder put as beautiful a polish on the teeth as any paste or powder. One or the other should be used each morning. But no matter what paste or powder you use, it does not get between the teeth, and cleanse them as Sozodont Liquid will.

So just before retiring, we recommend that you use Sozodont Liquid. The Liquid gets in between the teeth and around the gums, stimulating and hardening them, where the Paste or Powder—even the tooth brush—cannot reach.

Sozodont Liquid is an alkaline and neutralizes the acidity of the mouth.

Simple enough, is it not? It doesn't cost any more either, because the Combination lasts just twice as long. Try Sozodont Combination.

Ask your Druggist's or Dentist's opinion.

Send for this interesting and valuable pamphlet, "A Dentist's Talk on the Value of a Clean Mouth and Clean Teeth."

HALL & RUCKEL, Inc., New York
Makers of Sozodont since 1848

The United States of Europe

THIS felicitous term, invented by William T. Stead, is prophetic. The Pan-European war will advance it toward realization. It is not impossible that it may even bring it about.

There are no diversities in Europe that are not equalled in the United States. Not Austria herself has a population more varied than ours. Yet we are a united nation. Indeed, we are the stronger and finer nation because of this diversity, as a piano makes music by virtue of its differing elements—wood, steel, ivory and felt.

Maine is proud of Maine; California of California; Virginia of Virginia; but all are no less proud of the United States. Italian pride need not hinder pride in the United States of Europe; it will contribute to it.

A study of the map of the United States will disclose queer projections of States, especially of the older States. In the early days it was a matter strenuously debated whether

certain little strips and oblongs and triangles should belong to this State or that. But now no one thinks of such trifles. Virginia is not hankering after West Virginia. Iowa is not reaching after a port on Lake Michigan. Vermont is not struggling with New Hampshire for access to the ocean. The entire country is open to the people of all the States.

How soon, once the idea of the United States of Europe becomes established, will the burning question of Alsace and Lorraine, of interior Servia, of trisected Poland, of Russian-ruled Finland, of much-claimed Albania, of neutral Belgium, of Mediterranean islands and African spheres of influence and territorial aggressions in Asia, be relegated to the junk of the dead centuries!

From the viewpoint of the royal houses, the United States of Europe is an absurdity. From the viewpoint of the diplomats, and generals, and university professors, and writers of editorials in official organs, it is an impossibility. From the viewpoint of the plain citizen who pays taxes and gets shot it is simple common sense, as sure of accomplishment as there are hearts in human bodies and brains in human heads. And it may be nearer than anyone thinks.

Amos R. Wells.

FREE



from his life-time of reading, study, and experience, has answered that question. His answer is printed in a free booklet; ask for your copy; it tells the story of

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Lilas de Rigaud

"The Perfume of Old-Fashioned Gardens and Tender Memories"

THE old-fashioned garden "back home" is in its glory now—so full of tender memories of old joys and old friends that the thought of it brings a longing unspeakable. To those of us, city-bound or travel-tired, who cannot go back at will and wander through its well-loved paths, there is left still—Lilas de Rigaud, Perfume of Old-Fashioned Gardens and Tender Memories. The wonder of its sweetness will carry you back in dreams to the Land of Used-To-Be.

Extract, Toilet Water, Talcum, Face Powder and Sachet for sale at high-class Toilet Goods Departments.

Send fifteen cents to Riber-Hegeman Co., 346 West 4th Street, New York, for liberal trial bottle of Lilas de Rigaud or Rigaud's famous Mary Garden in either extract or sachet.

RIGAUD, Paris

Suppose you knew you were to be cast on a lonely island—

And would have to spend the rest of your life there. What books would you take?

What few great histories, biographies, dramas, novels, poems, works of science and travel, philosophy and religion, are so good that they would never lose their interest—would have in themselves all the elements that make a satisfying, well-worded mental diet?

Dr. Charles W. Eliot, for forty years president of one of the world's greatest universities, from his life-time of reading, study, and experience, has answered that question. His answer is printed in a free booklet; ask for your copy; it tells the story of

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You may send me the free booklet containing the story of the famous Five-Foot Shelf of Books.

NAME.....
NO. AND STREET.....
CITY.....STATE.....



Pickpocket (with fat purse): NOTHIN'
BUT A LOT OF D-D SAMPLES! AIN'T
WOMEN GOT NO HONOR?

Later Details

AND it so happened that Atlas, in order to make it easier to carry the world, formed a stock company.

He was still carrying it when the stock exchange suddenly closed on account of a war between the Bigfites and the Hogbites.

As soon as the exchange closed there was no way for Atlas to unload the world, so he had to keep on carrying it much longer than he intended.

E. O. J.



DIARY January 18, 1816.

"I walked to Bob's house over on the Turnpike, last night, and we played at backgammon. Although he plays but indifferently well, the evening was a pleasant one—aided by a bottle of fine

Old Overholt Rye

"Same for 100 years"

It has satisfied and warmed the hearts of connoisseurs since the early days of the Nation.

Made of purest mountain water and the best of sun-ripened grain. Aged in the wood and bottled in bond.

A. OVERHOLT & CO.
Pittsburgh, Pa.



Nerves frazzled, temper on edge, stomach in rebellion, kidneys kicking over the traces, losing weight, no ambition—

Thousands of business men today can say, "Yes, that's me." It's the price we pay for keeping on the jump in the modern business race.

Our systems are full of poison; our digestive organs are overtaxed and cannot assimilate all that we crowd into our stomachs; result, indigestion and consequent defects of metabolism, followed by Bright's Disease, renal calculi, stone in bladder, albuminuria, rheumatism and gout.

BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS WATER

is Nature's own remedy for these ills. Physicians have prescribed its use for over forty years with wonderful results. Among them HUNTER McGUIRE, M.D., LL.D., late President American Medical Association, who said: BUFFALO LITHIA WATER as an alkaline diuretic is invaluable. In Uric Acid Gravel, and, indeed, in diseases generally dependent upon a Uric Acid Diathesis, it is a remedy of extraordinary potency. I have prescribed it in cases of Rheumatic Gout, which had resisted the ordinary remedies, with wonderfully good results. I know from constant use of it personally and in practice that the results obtained from its use are far beyond those which would be warranted by the analysis given. I am of the opinion that it either contains some wonderful remedial agent as yet undiscovered by medical science, or its elements are so delicately combined in Nature's laboratory that they defy the utmost skill of the chemist to solve the secret of their power."

If you are not "right," try a course of Buffalo Lithia Springs Water. Buy a case and drink from 6 to 8 glasses a day; then see how improved you are.

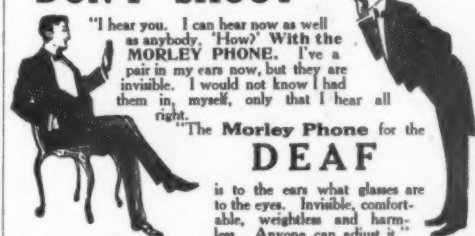
Write for booklet, "Springs of Health."

BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS WATER COMPANY

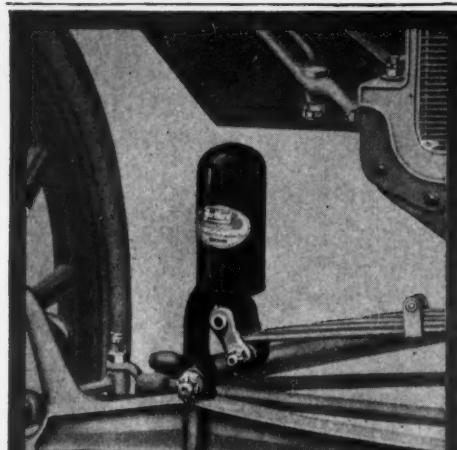
Buffalo Lithia Springs, Virginia

IT is reported that Professor Garner, the "monkey man" who discovered the language of monkeys, has been stranded in Europe with two specimens. The professor has been living in the jungle for the past two years. It is sincerely hoped that nothing will happen to the professor and his two friends, who, it is understood, are to be counted upon next season to raise the intellectual standard of Newport society.

"DON'T SHOUT"



Over one hundred thousand sold. Write for booklet and testimonials.
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when equipped with this special Ford model HARTFORD CUSHION SPRING, made by the pioneer and world's largest shock absorber manufacturers. HARTFORD CUSHION SPRINGS give the needed resiliency to make Ford springs work ideally. Put them on your Ford and ensure easy riding no matter where you ride. The

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WHEN IT WAS THE CUSTOM TO KISS YOUR
HOST'S WIFE

The Under-Dog

(Continued from page 540.)

ceive a bad jar on experiencing this sort of thing. We like to idealize the workman, with sweat upon his brow, the bridge-makers, the gods with mallets who rend the hills in twain to make way for railroads and stretch the living wires of fire over prairies and under oceans to signal through the world. We don't like to think of our White Knight of Toil as possessing kennel instincts.

But the Under-Dog, as he likes to hear himself called, rebels against what he hears described as an oppressive industrial system by juggling with dynamite and scattering explosives instead of little seeds of kindness. He is ordered to do this by a fat, coarse, thick-necked person who smokes big cigars and calls himself a leader.

Some of the crimes that are committed under the honest name of Labor fill decent, healthy-minded persons with disgust. In the hallway of a certain smart little hotel, not long ago, a peculiar group filled the regular *habitués* with dismayed amusement. Just about the dinner hour there congregated this assemblage of harps in hired dress-suits with bar-room poses, and drifts of what they thought was conversation, suggesting one of Harri-gan's old plays in the flannel-mouthed utterances they used for talk.

They were the "Bosses" from one of the organizations who had dropped in, in this friendly fashion, to enforce some outrageous ultimatum through an "Order" of the Higher Up branch of Toilists. Not one of these uncouth and unclean dictators but the manager and his aides would have cheerfully ejected from the corridor which they made ludicrous by their presence, but they could have cleared the dining-room and kitchen of its servitors right in the middle of the dinner hour. They could stop the elevator and telephone service, call in the carriage starter from his post, and put the blight of their touch over an establishment in which they would never have been welcomed as guests.

This phase of the matter will always come up and choke us with laughter, or maybe with tears, when we hear of the trials and tribulations of the Under-Dog. Private vengeance, deals, steals and political sneak-thievery are all put through by the horny hand that shakes down the world.

Yet we know of other workers—Longfellow's blacksmith and the farmer's boy singing to the skylark as he pushes the plow. They knew nothing of dynamite sticks, those two. And we have seen the fine dignity of the

The OCTOBER SCRIBNER

The River of Doubt

No more graphic story of exciting adventure, extreme hardship, and deadly peril was ever written than that told by

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Armageddon — The Forging of a Great Peace. By Sir Henry Norman, M.P. On the causes and responsibility for the present war.

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By Rear-Admiral Seaton Schroeder,
U. S. N.

Sixteen Full Pages of Modern Fighting

PRICE COLLIER'S

Articles on Norway

(Author of "England and the English from an American Point of View," etc.).—An appreciation and study of the people and the land of the Vikings.

The Great War in Europe

In COMING Numbers

Richard Harding Davis

will write of the war in Europe for SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE and there will be other articles by eminent authorities.

Edith Wharton will describe the exciting war scenes in Paris.

A. Barton Hepburn, of the Chase National Bank, and one of the foremost authorities on banking in the United States, will write of the Commercial and Financial Effects of the War on the United States, and Their Solution.

William Morton Fullerton, author of "Problems of Power," will write of the International Problems of the War and Its Effect on the Map of Europe.

The Magazine will deal with all the great aspects of the war as they develop.

Subscriptions to Scribner's may begin at any time. Price \$3 a year

Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers
New York

THE COMFORTABLE LIFE

For men and women alike means living free from the annoyance and unsightliness of disagreeable, unhealthful fat. Reducing your fat means not only better health, but vastly improved appearance as well. You can rid yourself of superfluous fat easily, hygienically, safely, with

Dr. Jeanne Walter's Famous Medicated Rubber Garments



By inducing perspiration these garments cause the safe and speedy reduction of all unnecessary flesh. They cover the entire body or any part. They are endorsed by leading physicians.

BUST REDUCER, \$5

Made of Dr. Walter's famous flesh-reducing rubber with coutil back.

The reducing qualities of this garment are remarkable, at the same time it gives added comfort and style.

Neck and Chin Reducers, \$3 Chin Reducers only, \$2
Wrinkle Eradicator or Frown Band, \$2.

Also Union Suits, Stockings, Jackets, etc., for the purpose of reducing the flesh anywhere desired. Invaluable to those suffering from rheumatism.

Rubber Elastic Webbing "Slip-Ons" \$8 up. Rubber Elastic Webbing "Slip-Over" \$6 up

Write at once for further particulars

Dr. JEANNE WALTER, Dept. U, 45 West 34th St., NEW YORK
Inventor and Patentee

German *hausfrau* jingling her keys and the spirit of the *bonne femme* glorifying the simplest task by her intelligence, and we wonder how it is this service in the home has a certain aristocracy of its own under these foreign suns.

We have observed with interest how the workman of Paris takes his holiday. Blue-bloused and happy, he sets out for the day with his wife and child. And where do you think he finds his joy? In the silent aisles of vibrant, exquisite sculpture of the salon!

Slowly they make their way, drinking in the marble glories before which kings may stand uncovered. Through miles of glowing canvases, mauve and coral-pink landscapes, nudes—white, cream-colored, tan, even speckled, peachy goddesses—the season's prize-winners, and they call out some French whispers from the walls to these three.

Over cases of minute, fine, shell-



THE AMERICAN EAGLE AS IT LOOKS TO
EUROPEANS

fibred bronzes they bend in awed delight, and study the rare workmanship of New Art jewels that will deck the breasts and throats of beautiful women and shine upon their hair while music plays. Later on you may observe this fête-day trio in the forests of St. Cloud, gathering violets in the twilight.

Poor devils—they are happy because it has never been drilled into their ears that they are only Under-Dogs.

Kate Masterson.

"Pious and Beautiful"

The *Staats-Zeitung* says editorially of the destruction of Louvain by the Germans:

The punishment is a terribly severe one. But the life of a single German militiaman under such circumstances is worth more than the whole city of Louvain, with all its relics and its treasures.

This is a pious and beautiful Christian sentiment. It ought to be especially inspiring to the Cossacks when they have worked their way into the heart of Germany.—*New York World*.



Schlitz Brown Bottle— the Strong Link

It's your safeguard against impurity. It conserves the effort and integrity put into the brewing.

It protects the beer from light.

No matter how pure the beer—light plays havoc with the purity and starts decay.

Pure beer is a healthful food.

Beer in light bottles is—???

See that Crown
is branded
"Schlitz"

Get

in Brown Bottles

Schlitz

The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous.

Order a Case Today

70MA

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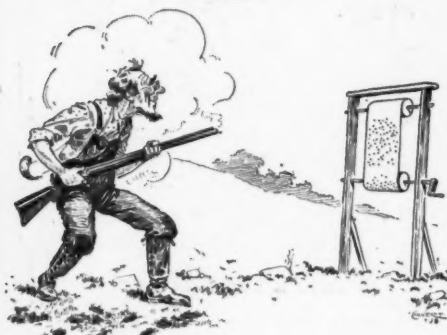
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